

100 American Poems

Masterpieces of Lyric, Epic and Ballad
from Colonial Times to the Present

edited by
Selden Rodman



A PENGUIN SIGNET BOOK

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About This Book

100 American Poems

poems were not published until 1941. Many of Emily Dickinson's best lyrics appeared for the first time in 1945. Poets like Jones Very, Frederick Goddard Tuckerman, Thomas Wolfe, Gertrude Stein had never been included in a popular anthology of poetry—Emerson, Poe and Whitman had generally been represented by inferior and uncharacteristic pieces. One had to go to song books or compilations of folklore to find any of the great ballads which are a special glory of our heritage. Young poets of outstanding originality—Elizabeth Bishop and Theodore Roethlis, Peter Viereck and Robert Lowell—had yet to be published in an American anthology.

In a very real sense then *100 American Poems* has been edited and is being published to prove a theory—the theory that the reading public will accept and even welcome an anthology of uncompromising quality. Neither in the striking introduction nor in the body of the book has any effort been made to talk down to the reader. Some of the most popular poets of past and present have been omitted without a qualm. And the old chestnuts that have tended to mislead the anthology reading audience here and abroad—from *Thanatopsis*, "The Barefoot Boy," "The Raven" and "O Captain My Captain" to Minniver Cheever's *Music in Names*, *Patterns* and *Euclid Alone Has Looked on Beauty Bare*—are conspicuous by their absence.

But perhaps the feature of this collection that gives it its real continuity and inspiration is the fact that it has been edited with a creative purpose. The editor has not allowed his pride in the achievements of our verse to distract him from its weaknesses. He believes that a tragic dualism in American poetry can be traced from Emerson's time to the present and that only by a recognition of that split can a real integration and a renaissance of great poetry occur.

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INTRODUCTION

I Reputation and Reappraisal

Poetry the only high art in America that has flourished continuously in an atmosphere hostile to uncommercial creative activity reflects the paradox of its survival. The first major poetry to spring from the shoot of a great tradition it bears the scars of its persistent effort to free itself from parental resemblance. In its capacity to assume as many shapes as the landscape with which it unfolded it drew upon the native spokesmen of chain gangs revival meetings and gin mills at the same time going as far afield as the Hebrew and Hindu metres recognizable and uses as a naturalist's

against the same nationalism practical attitude
induced taste that have sapped the vitality of democracy in

merican poetry has
internal shade of a
cal statuary, and
some rather overgrown metaphysical weeds obscure the view
and paralyze the primary emotions. The poets on location are
narrowed with their own sensibility. If they are to emerge

used the time

When the pulpit sings instead of the singer
When the script preaches instead of the preacher
When the pulpit descends and goes instead of the carver th:
carved the supporting desk

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INTRODUCTION

I Reputation and Reappraisal

Poetry, the only high art in America that has flourished continuously in an atmosphere hostile to uncommon real creative activity, reflects the paradox of its survival. The first major poetry to spring from the shock of a great tradition, it bears the scars of its persistent effort to free itself from parental resemblance. In its capacity to assume as many shapes as the landscape with which it unfolded, it drew upon the native spokesmen of chain gangs, revival meetings and gin mills, all the same time as it sought to be a prophet, uncouth, diary the and in our own time the article for a businessman's magazine that exploded into a 500-page book. The only poetry in his story which had taken as its major theme the idea of democracy—that conviction of the innate worth of every man which

Today, however, as often in the past, American poetry has avoided this conflict by retreating to the maternal shade of a formal garden, Anglican hedge, neo-classical statuary, and some rather overgrown, a little p. r. b. and that body must be revalued in terms of the lost voice, thrilling and immortal, which prophesied the time

When the psalm
When it
When it

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SOMWHERE I HAVE NEVER TRAVELED	
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'SWEET SPRING IS YOUR'	1
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FISH FOOD	1
LOUISE BOGAN 1897-	
COME SLEEP	1
ANONYMOUS	
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STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT 1898-1943	
THE MOUNTAIN WHIPPOORWILL	1
E. B. WHITE 1899-	
I PAINT WHAT I SEE	1
HART CRANE 1899-1932	
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THE BROKEN TOWER	1
THOMAS WOLFE 1900-1938	
SOMETHING HAS SPOKEN TO ME IN THE NIGHT	1
KENNETH FEARING 1902-	
PORTRAIT II	1
RICHARD EBLRIHART 1904-	
THE GROUNDHOG	1
THEODORE ROETHKE 1908-	
THE SHAPE OF THE FISH	1
FAME SONG	
	Praise Famous Men) 1
	1
ELIZABETH BISHOP 1911-	
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... at the Red Sea and Lytham
... an
poems. Its almost equally popular and influential successor,
The Oxford Book of English Verse, edited by Sir Arthur

were, to pick two names at random, eight poems each by
Thomas Hood and W. S. Blunt. When Professor Quiller
Couch revised his anthology thirty nine years later with the
addition of eighty three new poems, he revised slightly his

list when it commissioned its first anthology of exclusively
American poetry in 1927—it could hardly have chosen as eds
for a poet of more neo-English tastes than Bliss Carman.
Carman selected seventeen poems by Longfellow to sixteen
by Emerson, ten by Thomas Bailey Aldrich to nine by Whit-
man, nothing at all from Melville, Cummings, or Eliot. Of

Whitman and James Russell Lowell—and no less than ten by
H. C. Bunner. By comparison Edmund Clarence Stedman's
An American Anthology (1900), and Louis Untermeyer's
American Poetry from the Beginning to Whitman (1931),
were pioneer works.

Today a thorough reappraisal of American poetry is in
order. It is not enough to merely carry a step further the revolu-
tion in taste accomplished piecemeal by Untermeyer, the
herald of the Chicago 'renaissance' of 1912, or by Conrad
Aiken, the prophet of the 'metaphysical' revival that fol-

When a university course convinces as a slumbering wren
child convince,
When the minted gold in the vault smiles like the night
man's daughter.

The voice by which up to now American poetry has
represented abroad has been for the most part, neither
ing, nor immortal. It has been familiar—in the sense th
old coin is familiar—and cherished for the same reasons
its recognizable shabbiness, its undistinguished charm
easily supportible mediocrity.

OPINIONS At a time of litchy victorious comradeship
arms, and one in which the most influen
ABROAD American poet resides in England while E
lands outstanding contemporary poet has become an Ame
can citizen it may be thought an achromatic to talk in term
of the rivalry of the English-speaking muses. Yet the infern
reputation of American poetry both at home and abroad so
which pedantic arbiters of taste in both countries have been
to blame continues. The indignant sense of national inferior
ity that expressed itself as far back as the time of the Ameri
can Revolution in Philip Freneau's

Can we never be thought
To have learning or grace
Unless it be brought
From that damnable place?

—has abated here in respect to almost every commodity:
poetry.

How to repair the damage. Standards of a purely æsthetic
character would rule out at once that very class of private
and public styles which has given American poetry its spec
tability. To fasten upon the famous or favorite pieces th
ave, by their inordinate celebrity, given our poetry its unde
rived reputation for derivative grace would only well the
for Freneau's *The Wild Honey Suckle*. Brynnes *Thana*
sis and Emerson's *The Rhodora* are good poems in the
Wordsworthian tradition. Wordsworth with better Long
was *My Lost Youth*. Whitman's *O Captain My Cap*
"The Raven" and Whitman's *O Captain My Cap*
are inferior and unrepresentative poems by any dis
tinction standard. Robinson's *The Man Aboard*
Ann Lowell's *Patterns* and Pound's *Ballad of a*
ally here with headless before the antichristian
to death.

were, to pick two names at random eight poems each by Thomas Hood and W. S. Blunt. When Professor Quiller

American poetry in 1927 it could hardly have chosen as editor a poet of more neo-Anglican tastes than Bliss Carman.

as contemporaries, Carman vouchsafed a poem apiece to Sandburg and Pound as against four to Odell Shepard, five

Whittier and James Russell Lowell—and no less than ten by H. C. Bunner. By comparison Edmund Clarence Stedman's *An American Anthology* (1900) and Louis Untermeyer's *American Poetry from the Beginning to Whitman* (1931),

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child convince

When the minted gold in the vault smiles like the night watch
man's daughter

The voice by which up to now American poetry has been represented abroad has been for the most part neither thrilling nor immortal. It has been familiar—in the sense that an old coat is familiar—and cherished for the same reasons: for its recognizable shabbiness, its undistinguished charm, its easily supportable mediocrity.

OPINIONS At a time of lately victorious comradeship **ABROAD** arms and one in which the most influential American poet resides in England while England's outstanding contemporary poet has become an American citizen, it may be thought anachronistic to talk in terms of the rivalry of the English-speaking muses. Yet the inferior reputation of American poetry both at home and abroad, for which pedantic arbiters of taste in both countries have been to blame, continues. The indignant sense of national inferiority that expressed itself as far back as the time of the American Revolution in Philip Freneau's

Can we never be thought
To have learning or grace
Unless it be brought
From that damnable place?

—has abated here in respect to almost every commodity but poetry.

How to repair the damage. Standards of a purely aesthetic character would rule out at once the very clash of private and public styles which has given American poetry its special vitality. To fasten upon the famous or favorite pieces that have by their inordinate celebrity given our poetry its undeserved reputation for derivative grace would only swell the error. Freneau's *The Wild Honey Suckle*, Bryant's *Thanatopsis*, and Emerson's *Ilse Rhodora* are good poems in the Wordsworthian tradition. Wordsworth wrote better. Longfellow's *My Lost Yacht*, Whitman's *The Barefoot Boy*, Poe's *The Raven*, and Whitman's *O Captain! My Captain!* are inferior and unrepresentative poems by any discriminating standard. Robinson's *The Minion Against the Sky*, Amy Lowell's *Patterns*, and Pound's *Rallied of the Goodly Fere* were bloodless before the anthology is quoted them to death.

... whose manuscript poems
... 1937, Edward
... re Emerson and
belongs in the company of the great English "metaphysical"
poets Crashaw, Herbert and Donne. Like Donne, Taylor

ous communion with the ...
... of seven genera
ng the

PHILIP FRENEAU Philip Freneau is the first American poet for
whom wrong can be truthfully said to have
been an end in itself. He was also a deist, who,
contrast to Taylor's puritan faith in a "divine and super
statural light" took sides with the international libertarian

from the slashing Jeffersonian partisan and satirist whom
Washington called "that rascal Freneau" from the heavy
drinker who died in a snowstorm on his way home from the
local tavern from the man who could write

The landlord gouged in either eye
Here drains his bottle to the dregs,
Or borrows Susan's pipe while she
Prepares the bacon and the eggs.

BRYANT AND POE William Cullen Bryant's contemporaries called
him the great "tone-imparter" and his tone—
it is so subdued we hear it only with difficulty
—may indeed have been cultivated as a protest against such
raucous contemporaries of Freneau as Francis Hopkinson,
the Philadelphia dandy and jack-of-all trades, and Joel Bar
low the Yale wit and speculator in land who died while with
Napoleon at Warsaw. One hundred years after the pre
ocious Bryant drafted "Thanatopsis" in 1811 his literary
descendants were still trying to "tone up" American literature,
and happily they were waging a losing battle. But in his own
time the effort to make taste conform to England (or to a

lowed it. In terms of 1948 both movements are as dead as
Emerson's Transcendentalism.

II *The Forerunners*

The struggle between the mystic and the practical man,
soul and society, the artist and the prophet that was to en-

ANNE BRADSTREET American poetry down to
BENJAMIN TOMPSON present day began even before
AND EDWARD TAYLOR the eighteenth century, seventeenth century Poet Anne Bradstreet, in
The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung Up in America or Selected
Poems was published in London in 1650 graced by
predominant humorless couplets in the style of Du Bartas
the Euphuist—

The windy Cholick oft my bowels rend
To break the darksome prison where it's pent
The Cramp and Cuts doth sadly torture me
And the restraining Time betwixt

—and some rather delightful unpretentious verses about
love for her husband in which again she reveals herself
true ancestor of a long line of family-tidden Amer-
ican women

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle better fits

Her younger contemporaries Benjamin Tompson and
Edward Taylor have little in common with Anne Bradstreet
contemplative piety. Tompson, the first native-born Amer-
ican poet, was a scholar, master and physician, and a char-
acteristically American in that he drives through his outwardly con-
ventional eulogy on his father

Judicious zeal! New England's Boanerges
Lies tombless, not to spare the church's charges
But that the world may know he lacks no tomb
Who in ten thousand hearts commended roam
While thus the thundering testman hidden lies
Some virgins slumber, others wait mine

wife, herself a poet and early Abolitionist Lowell went through a spell of liberalism, joining at least the fringe of . . . that was one of the faces of . . . came spokes- . . . ice the face . . . "good breed

Longfellow, whom Lowell succeeded in 1853 as Smith

hat is, instead of commenting on people and manners in a brutal style of *The Bigelow Papers* and *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, Longfellow wrote the poems and in-

Like Washington Irving before him, Longfellow brought back from his successive trips to Europe a grab-bag of romantic legends and in addition a witch's cauldron of German mysticism and Scandinavian metres. Unfortunately they blended poorly with his misguided effort to fashion a gentlemanly native poetry of the Folk. The self-consciously Indian terseness of "*Hiawatha*" is less memorable than the anonymous parodist's

He killed the noble Mudjokis
Of the skin he made him mittens
Made them with the fur side inside
Put the inside skinside outside

It is a temptation to endow Longfellow's more rustic contemporary Whittier with gifts of a superior order merely

miles west of the center of Boston that one must look for the first truly native incandescence of poetry

Bryant's healthy intolerance for provincial standards to the point of sophistication—judging art by its intrinsic merit—and beyond to the point of absurdity. The end of art, it was finally to say, is pleasure, not truth, and from this was but a step to the artificial prescription for writing *The Raven*. We are not surprised to learn that Poe admired Bryant, Thomas Hood and Tennyson excessively—or that he

..

and mechanical rhythm whose facility well merited Lowell's reference to "the jingle man."

What is much more surprising and really impossible to explain rationally is that the genius of Poe was so great that in spite of himself it triumphed now and then over both his aestheticism and the commanding intellect with which he fortified his theories. In these few poems, as in his best tales, romanticism achieved its utmost in the United States, rivaling in suggestiveness Coleridge's *Christabel* and *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. But Poe's work in terms of our own literature remains an exotic curiosity rather than a creative influence.

III *The New England Renaissance*

Without either Poe's morbidity or his genius, James Russell Lowell shared the Baltimore poet's shrewd, critical temper. **THE BOSTON CONFORMISTS** and his impressionism. The first duty of the Muse, he said, "is to be delightful" and while Lowell adhered to this safe if limited doctrine he managed—as in the jingling *Table for Critics*—to be shrewd and delightful at the same time. It was only later in life, when he succumbed to the view that "God made poets to keep alive the traditions of the pure, the holy and the beautiful" that he began to write graceful and boring odes. In his youth and under the influence of

in nature at Walden Pond. The kind in which this ancestor of Frank Lloyd Wright and Henry Miller reared briefly, play his flute and write his masterpiece cost \$8 of his food tells us, amounted to 2- cents a week. But had they cost more, Thoreau would simply have moved farther west, for he was concerned with other values.

Explore your own higher latitudes. Simplify!
Simplify! Our life is frittered away by detail.
We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us.
We are now in great haste to construct a magnetic telegraph
from Maine to Texas, but Maine and Texas, it may
be, have nothing important to communicate.
Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads.
June is but the stream I go a fishing in.

Pond as Channing said of maximizing the minimum. Thoreau was too busy with life and with being a poet to squander much time making a living. Intolerant of any complacency save intensity of living, he had no use for organized religion. When reminded of heaven on his deathbed, he answered "Our world as a time." In organized government he had as little use. "Nations! What are nations? Tartars! and Huns! and Chinamen. Like insects they swarm. The historian strives in vain to make them memorable. It is for want of a man that there are so many men." Yet paradoxically the man who went to jail rather than pay a poll tax and with his "Civil Disobedience" gave Gandhi the slogan for a mass movement was not averse to violence in a good cause and at first welcomed the Civil War. His genius cannot be contained in any consistency.

His poetry, patterned in Greek phrase making and Hindu thought, owes a little to Aeschylus, clear eye for the commonest thing, a little to George Herbert and Emerson, but retained passion and honesty. "The
the feet of the

the present
but in the verge of science. He has
it is a mere making argument

be true
changes are in me. In exclusion
also in a humbler vein

EMERSON'S CONCORD To avail ourselves of the literature of other nations wrote the elder William Ellery Channing father of the poet who was Emerson's friend we must place ourselves on a level with them. A people into whose minds the thoughts of foreigners are poured perpetually needs an energy within itself to resist or modify this mighty influence. When Channing's disciple Emerson delivered at the age of thirty-four his revolutionary Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard the audience—an America—was divided as if with the stroke of a knife.

Our day of dependence our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands draws to a close. I ask not for the great the remote the romantic what is doing in Italy or Arabia I embrace the common. The meal in the firkin the milk in the pail the ballad in the street the news of the boat the form and the gut of the body.

About Emerson in the Concord of the 40s and 50s was assembled such a company of genius near genius and eccentricity as could not be found in history without travelling as far afield as Goethe's Weimar Shakespeare's London or Leonardo's Florence.

There was Jones Very the half-mad sonneteer of God torn between his humility and sense of defilement. There was Hawthorne bearing the weight of the puritan past on his shoulders whose studies of the soul of man through sphinx-like symbols eluded even Emerson. There was Bronson Alcott the progressive educator who found children so attractive because they are still under the sway of instinct and whom Emerson had watched with mingled sympathy and alarm mount a ladder at the incredible Concord Society Family of nearby Fruitlands to pour water from a pitcher over women covered with sheets in a shelter of clothes horses. There was the daemonic Margaret Fuller who gave Tran-

cally warned) There was Thoreau.

THOREAU AND WALDEN POND I have never met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face? Thus spoke Henry Thoreau exactly one hundred years ago when he moved two miles south of Concord to live in a self-made shack in communion

are now in great haste to construct a magnetic telegraph from Maine to Texas but Maine and Texas it may be have nothing important to communicate even is under our feet as well as over our heads me is but the stream I go a fishing in

and as Channing said of maximizing the minimum Thoreau was too busy with life and with being a poet to squander such time making a living. Intolerant of any completeness or intensity of living he had no use for organized religion. When reminded of heaven on his deathbed he answered "One world at a time." For organized government he had as little use. "Nations! What are nations? Tartars and Huns! and Chinamen. Like insects they swarm. The historian

movement was not averse to violence in a good cause and at first welcomed the Civil War. His genius cannot be contained in any consistency.

His poetry patterned on Greek phrase making and Hindu thought owes a little to Archylus, a little for the commonest things a little to George Herbert and Emerson but more to his own self contained passion and honesty. "The poem," he said once "is drawn out from under the feet of the poet, his whole weight has rested on this ground. He lived in the present. He knew profoundly that every poet has trembled on the verge of science. He must have agreed with his

changes are in me!" he exclaimed in a moment of ecstasy, but also in a humbler vein.

My life has been the poem I would have writ
But I could not both live and utter it

EMERSON'S POETRY Whereas "prose" was the natural vehicle of Thoreau's poetry, Emerson's genius expressed itself most easily in verse. The more famous Essays are little more than chains of epigrams and poetical insights held together by a title, the poems are without the sometimes pompous and oracular tone

To clothe the fiery thought
In simple words succeeds
For still the craft of genius is
To mask a king in weeds

From Lardner Emerson learned to prune his line of adjectives and mannerisms but he mounted then into an atmosphere of possessed yearning. The result was a hard dry, magical precise diction giving somewhat the effect of Plato's philosophers discoursing with Hebrew assurance around a cracked barrel in the general store.

In terms of the wholeness of poetry Emerson never quite relieved the destiny he prophesied. Our poets, he has lamented, are content with a civil and conformed manner of living, writing poems from the fancy at a safe distance from their experience—and that was exactly the weakness of Emerson himself. Far more than the chaste Thoreau he was a victim of that very New England frigidity against which he so brilliantly inveighed. He could not quite let himself

... the common
Yet their very
... of the man
... tonic reverbera
tion of the ice at Walden Pond across which the poet delighted to skip stones of a crisp sunny morning

LYRIC EPILOGUE Emerson once met his gr
EMILY DICKINSON ciple, the only contemporary
English or American
gift transcending his own but
wrote verse, there is no record of

Sailor of the atmosphere
 Swimmer through the waves of air;
 Voyager of light and noon
 Epurean of June
 What I perceive all I come
 Within earshot of thy hum —
 All without is martyrdom

These lines in the burly dozing humble bee "that animated torrid zone" are Emerson's but the style is pure Emily Dickinson. How could he have known that there in the fugitive, elfin person of the Amherst minister's eccentric daughter,

the music Emily had said and it was not until five years after her death in 1886 that the splinting was begun and the end is not yet.

Why was Emily Dickinson at once so articulate and so tacit? Her biographer Lewis Wheeler after tracing the course of her two thwarted loves and her ultimate retirement into the shadows of the big house on Main Street con-

Like Blake she sought beauty in minute particulars. Like Thoreau she valued individuality and like him she travelled widely in her own native village and found "an

My life has been the poem I would have writ
But I could not both live and utter it

EMERSON'S POETRY Whereas "prose" was the natural vehicle for Thoreau's poetry, Emerson's genius expressed itself most easily in verse. The more famous *Essays* are little more than chains of epigrams and poetical insights held together by a title, the poems are without their sometimes pompous and oracular tone

To clothe the fiery thought
In simple words succeeds,
For still the craft of genius is
To mask a king in weeds

From Lindor Emerson learned to prune his line of adjective and mannerisms but he mounted then into an atmosphere of possessed yearning. The result was a hard, dry, magically precise diction, giving somewhat the effect of Plato's philosophers discoursing with Hebrew assurance around a cracker barrel in the general store.

In terms of the wholeness of poetry, Emerson never quite achieved the destiny he prophesied. "Our poets," he had lamented, "are content with a civil and conformed manner of . . . that comes from the fancy, at a safe distance from

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Emerson's poems preach abandonment to the senses without being themselves abandoned. They celebrate the common touch without revealing a common humanity. Yet their very frailty is moving. The clear spirit if not the body of the man comes through. They ring with the strong tonic reverberation of the ice at Walden Pond across which the poet delighted to skip stones of a crisp sunny morning.

LYRIC EPILOGUE Emerson once met his gr
EMILY DICKINSON ciple the only confem
English or American,
gift transcending his own but if he even suspr
wrote verse there is no record of

Sailor of the atmosphere,
 Swimmer through the waves of air;
 Voyager of light and noon,
 Epicurean of June—
 Wait I pray thee, till I come
 Within earshot of thy hum—
 All without is martyrdom

These lines to the "burly, dozing humble bee," that "animated torpid zone," are Emerson's, but the style is pure Emily Dickinson. How could he have known that there, in the fugitive, elfin person of the Amherst minister's eccentric daughter, New England's puritan tradition, Yankee humor and spirit

after her death in 1886 that the splitting was begun, and the word is not yet

Why was Emily Dickinson at once so articulate and so reticent? Her biographer George Whicher after tracing the course of her two thwarted loves and her ultimate retirement into the shadows of the big house on Main Street, con-

cept the bitter waters from stagnating in her breast, she won a sanity that could make even grief a plaything

Loneliness she did not court. It was something to be borne to her will to make good come from evil she reincarnated Anne Bradstreet. Like the Bryant of Thanatopsis, only more piercingly she found in nature the visible manifestation of God. Like Blake she sought beauty in minute particulars. Like Thoreau she valued individuality, and like him she travelled widely in her own native village and found an ecstasy in living. Amherst and in the last years her garden, became the universe.

"If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry. It is the quality that her own words

ending in the latter. It is best—and this is not as with almost lyric matters in a poem of poetry but in scores—her idiom

is condensed quick as pickarel as capable of the most personal as well as the most universal elevating the simplest hymn metres to rapture, achieving great affirmation even out of platitude

IV *Climax and Decline*

We have yet had no genius in America with tyrannous eye which knew the value of our incomparable materials Or

Homer too literal and historical I look in vain for the poet
I describe

have read the prophecy but who had already said I was *simmering simmering simmering*—Emerson brought me in a *boil* mailed copies of his privately printed *Leaves of Grass* to the sage of Concord and to Whittier Whittier took one good look and tossed his copy in the fire Emerson sat down and wrote a famous letter I give you joy for your free and brave thoughts he wrote I find the courage of treatment that so delights us and which large perception only can inspire I greet you at the beginning of a great career Years later Emerson's puritanism or his outraged sense of form got the better of him I expected him to make the songs of a nation he opined *inchantones* And he American anthology ture had begun

WALT WHITMAN'S As for Whitman he promptly (and
LEAVES OF GRASS without permission) slipped the
letter on the first of countless new
editions of the *Leaves* and went to work in his own way "I will not descend among professors and capitalists he announced truculently "I will turn the ends of my trousers around my boots and go with drivers and be men In other authors of the first class [he was already supremely self-confident] there have been celebrators of low life and *classe*

his earnestness, his self-educated idealism, his sensuality
his style shocked his contemporaries beyond endurance.
Love for mankind in which no poet ancient or modern has
surpassed Whitman (Shakespeare understood men which is
something else again) was more an attitude than a reality in
the 1855 volume. The poet of "Song of Myself" identifies
himself electrifyingly with the survivors of a shipwreck he

Leaves is rocking in When Lilacs Lie in the Door
yard Bloom in the great muted death poems of his last years.
The style of *Leaves of Grass* has puzzled generations of
critics. Where did it come from? How did he write it? And
is it poetry? None of the questions can be answered with
finality. Whitman himself, at its birth up to his ears in Free
Soil Republicanism and the local small town journalism of
the Brooklyn Daily Eagle avowed that "We wrote the edi-
torials of the paper and his Soul the poems. There were

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his
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son
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direct in
men, are
In 1855

style of *Leaves* is
the rhythms of the
and we know that

was vital to the structure of the theatre and especially
the recitative of Italian opera. (Heard music he called it
not an music) delighted him. The technical devices by
which his loose dithyrambic style achieves its impact—bal-
ancing of long phrases, suspension of meaning to the final
word of a paragraph, recurrence, assonance, trochaic in-
ference to the common English iambic foot, and what
Dr Cady calls perpendicular alliteration—may be spotted.
Put the ultimate power, the cumulative effect of his incanta-

tions can only be felt by the reader who is sympathetic toward or abandons himself to Whitman's unique exuberance. Few will deny the flatness, the pretentiousness, the disorganized repetition of large stretches of *Leaves of Grass*. But the catalogues, as such, cannot be dismissed; they are often the vibrant parts of the whole. And the magical phrases ("I recline by the sills of the exquisite flexible doors") are the more dramatic and memorable for their relative infrequency. *Leaves of Grass* is the life history of a whole man; it was meant to be suggestive and growing, not complete and dead.

Whitman, almost single-handed, invented the American

humanity transcended his patriotism. He was the greatest American nationalist and—for identical reasons!—the first poet of internationalism and One World. His celebration of the wonder and mystery of sex got him fired from a government job and drove Emerson (among others) to urge him to censor the *Leaves*; but they caused D. H. Lawrence more than half a century later to call Whitman "the first to smash the old moral concept that the soul of man is something superior and above the flesh."

HERMAN MELVILLE Melville like Whitman was too native to America to be appreciated in an America that was straining for Anglican gentility and, paradoxically, both poets achieved their first reputation in England. *Moby Dick*, the great prose poem of pessimism of mankind pitting its puny force against the aimless majesty of nature, is the counterforce and equal of *Leaves of Grass*. Its failure drove Melville (like Hardy) to poetry in his later years and like Hardy's, his verse is cantankerous and

to be known have been written by an American wife in 1947 and it might be shocking to any other country in the world to realize that it was not until 1947 that Melville's *Collected Poems* were finally published. Melville himself, like his friend Hawthorne, and like E. A. Rieu in our time, had a

born a giant splendor surpassing the felicities of lesser poets

ILLENTIOUS yet some end to earn
The haglets spin though now no more astern
Like shuttles hurrying in the looms
Aloft through rigging frayed they ply—
Cross and recross—weave and inweave

RIVE LAYER AND OTHERS The period from the Civil War to the
turn of the century and beyond
through which some of the giants of
the first renaissance lived is as barren of poetic vitality as any
in our history. All the cadences of decline are in its new
voices. *Edward Gillman*

WILLIAM VAUGHAN Since the war pretty much of the whole of
his life has been merely not dying. William Vaughn Moody's
most famous poem characteristically entitled *An Ode in
Time of Hesitation* is full of such poetic props as fiery
chalices, poster shards, discolored limbs, gleeful children
(*Copying the arbutus, springs dear recluse—*) and "men
of noble breed." It is a frightening example of exemplary
liberal sentiment clothed to academic perfection in all the
best of tags and tags of three centuries of (English) poetry

Without any of the spiritual elevation or patriotism
Moody Stephen Crane's *War Is Kind* by comparison is
a stick of dynamite. It comes off. It goes off. Not a word

to rhythms and abandonment of rhyme its crisp understatement cleared the way for new vision and fresh cadences

V The Second Renaissance Chicago to Pa

In Moody's *Ode* an effort had been made to convey untipped vitality for American poetry of the Middle and West

Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates
With restless violent hands and casual tongue
Moulding her mighty fates

Twelve years later in the poem that ushered in the Chicago Renaissance, a very different kind of poet addressed the same city

they tell me that you are brutal and my reply is on the
faces of women and children I have seen the marks
of wanton hunger

And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer
thus my city and I give them back the sneer and I
to them

Come and show me another city with lifted head singing
proud to be alive an' luscious and strong and cunning

Embracing four decades of refinement the voice of Whitman had spoken again

SANDBURG Carl Sandburg had been variously a seer
AND JEFFERS shifter dish washer truck handler porter
before he wrote
written editions of
the virtues and limits
Sprawling or condensed

as a telegram each poem pictures some angle of
the powerhouse of industrial America the boy in city street
a jazzband trying to harmonize moonlight and chimes the
slum bang and roar of steel mills an encounter in a Pullman
smoker the disappearance of a familiar whore from

admired Ossian the rhetorical Celtic soothsayer, and Jeffers'

But for the same reason —

conquering his values, desires, a picture of the universe, all on
us own humanity." For humanity he says prophetically in

MASTERS FROST Hardly less devastating an antidote
AND ROBINSON was offered by Edgar Lee Masters,
whose *Spoon River* laid to

Woodlands meadows streams and rivers—

Without any of the spiritual elevation or patriotism
 of the first generation, the second generation is
 a word to
 it—its dev
 bitter re
 ism—cynicism, if you will—in it the second great awakening
 in American poetry will spring. Its open-eyed realism, its sta
 c into rhythms and abandonment of rhyme, its crisp understat
 ment, cleared the way for new vision and fresh cadences.

V. The Second Renaissance: Chicago to Par

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 proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning
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SANDBURG C. S. Lewis had been searching for a scene
 AND JEFFERS "wrote
 "wrote
 "I fo

a jazzband trying to harmonize moonlight and chaos, the
 clamor and roar of steel mills, an encounter in a Pullman
 smoker, the disappearance of a familiar whore.

Practising
the West,
his board,
her Vaude-
le," lecturing for the YMCA and the Anti Saloon
ague and reaching a mass audience that Whitman only
dreamed of. Yet this was the poet who, with more of a pure
verisimilitude than any American save Poe burnt himself
in the flames of his verse till it became a

part to be contented with the applause of the middle-classes yet for any more discriminating public he knew
not how to write. The miracle was that in a few lyrics and
"originals" he achieved unconsciously an art irresistible to
the

The ballads and neo-folk poetry of Stephen Vincent and
William Rose Benet were more useful than Lindsay's, and
have been almost equally popular but at their best lack that
element of uncontrived madness that occasionally lifts Lind-
say's chants above sentimentality into the realm of pure
poetry. The savage urban portraits of Kenneth Fearing carried
Sandburg's "editorializing" a step further, but into the blind
alley of caricature. Muriel Rukeyser's early hymns to the
underdog of the "class struggle" achieved a fusion of temper
and indignation that may yet have issue.

LYRA POLAND For better or worse the dominant mode
AND T. S. ELIOT of contemporary American poetry was
not to be the regional and Whitman-
ic verse of the "proletarian" Harriet Monroe's Poetry, a Chi-
cago monthly which had pioneered in the discovery of

: *reductio ad absurdum* of the popular current. Prancing
as Whitman preached he tramped the roads of the West,
singing "Rhymes to be Traded for Bread" for his board,
singing the "Gospel of Beauty" and "The Higher Vande-
le," lecturing for the YMCA and the Anti-Saloon
League and reaching a mass audience that Whitman only
dreamed of. Yet this was the poet who with more of a pure
poet's magic than any American save Poe burnt himself
in, dissipated the well-springs of his verse till it became a
dried Pre-Raphaelite mummy and finally "harassed by debt
and the sense of defeat" drank a bottle of Lysoal in the house
in Springfield, Illinois where he had spent his boyhood. The
end to the tragedy perhaps lies as much in the split that had
taken place in American poetry as in the poet's unstable char-
acter. Lindsay is as too sensitive and introverted an artist as
ever to be contented with the applause of the philistine
middle-classes yet for any more discriminating public he knew
how to write. The miracle was that in a few lyrics and
"spirituals" he achieved unconsciously an art immeasurable to
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EZRA POUND For better or worse the dominant mode
of contemporary American poetry was
AND T. S. ELIOT not to be the regional and Whitman-
esque or the proletarian. Harriet Monroe's Poetry, a Chi-
cago monthly which had pioneered in the discovery of
Sandburg, Masters and Lindsay led the way also in bringing
to the American public the first works of the Paris "expatri-
ates" Pound and Eliot, Hemingway and Stein, Stevens and
Cummings.

Imagism or *Artism* as Ezra Pound was later to call it
and its other co-founder Amy Lowell was a term invented
in London in 1912 by a group of Georgian poets, which
included H.D. to describe their revolt
against the direction of

ondary to her commanding personality and to her ability to inspire both enthusiasm and publicity. Pound moved impatiently on to other 'isms. But Imagism had served to clear the air.

Come my songs let us speak of perfection
We shall get ourselves rather disliked

So begins a characteristic early poem by Pound, the boy from Idaho, the great catalytic who was able to make a style—and a very good style—sharp and clean as a scalpel—out of such seemingly haphazard ingredients as Imagism and Verbalism, China and the France of the Troubadours. Guid.

isolation, the animosity generated by his fancied neglect and the poverty of his rootless egotism burst forth in the uncontrolled eclecticism of the *Cantos* and his petulant espousal of Fascism.

T. S. Eliot's development as a poet contrasts with Pound's at almost every point. With Eliot everything is weighed, calculated, refined to the verge of pedantry. I only pretend to know—he could humorlessly write "as much about versifying as my carpenter knows about woodwork." In orderly con-

Church (Murder in the Cathedral) and finally to the ripe religious philosophical soul-searching of the *Four Quartets*.

Eliot's grandfather wrote a sermon on Suffering Considered as a Discipline, and his mother was the author of a poem on the martyred religious fanatic, Savonarola. In his very first poems Eliot moved with the sureness of a mathematician preparing himself with elementary problems for a distant synthesis. While still at Harvard and under the influence of Santayana and Babbitt, he schooled himself in the tangential approach of the 17th Century metaphysical poets and of Laforgue and the later French symbolists. But the energy generated by Eliot's poems, like their dryness, is his own.

s an American poet—for he remains as firmly if not more so than Auden remains essentially English—Eliot simplified with symbolism what Robinson with psychological narrative, failed to achieve poetic expression of the condition of modern man. Whenever our literature tends to induce too many Whitmans—Sandburg was to write, an it arrives to a counterbalance that cheerful and extravagant dence. The Hawthorne in Eliot has been remarked. He comes also in the company of Henry James, whose review of *Whitman's Drum Taps* in 1865 ("the effort of an essentially prosaic mind to lift itself by prolonged muscular effort to poetry") he would surely have approved. Eliot's influence on English poetry as well as American has been incalculable, and only today shows signs of waning.

THE WOMEN In an age spilling over with accomplished minor poets and overcharged with feminine talent, five women stand out for the individuality of their achievements.

Gertrude Stein, the expatriate better known for her operatic and ponderous experiments in breaking up language, carried to its extreme the tendency to abstraction in American writing that began with Emerson and Henry James to its ultimate conclusion.

I have come
And I've not come in vain
I have come to sweep
The House of the Lord
Clean clean for I've come
And I've not come in vain

Compare it to Shaker hymn 1 of 1843 with Miss Stein's beautiful poem on page 45. The subject disappears the excitement with verbal movement remains.

Edna St. Vincent Millay's theatrical entrance upon the scene of American poetry in 1917 with "Renascentia" coincided with the final tide of the woman's suffrage movement. "For the term is not done for social and sexual equality" and sonnets have all the

did not
of 19 9-4 is a horrible example
of course
He was of Elmer Wyle and Louise Bogan carried to

new elevations the metaphysical and classical tendency of the day. Mrs. Wylie with the greater range of the two, exploited the same disillusionment with politics and religion that led to the rich poetry of elaboration and conceit in Donne's time. The world of a mellow society and of intense personal relationships is given a timeless glaze to counter chaos beating on the door. More abstractly Miss Bogan evokes the same shield out of her keenly observed inner life.

More in the cold tradition of Imagism but with a greater display of wit and intellect than its other poets, Marianne Moore invented a startlingly original style in which prose cadences are held together by elaborate stanzas and occasional rhyme in consequence an age that prizes intellect and texture above other virtues of poetry has accorded her great influence.

F. T. CUMMINGS When E. E. Cummings the son of a

[illegible]

vidual in his own way and he has continued to for twenty five years without any diminishment of spontaneity—or knack of bedeviling and shocking the too-common Common Man Not content with Frost's ironical and at times querulous offensive against regimentation Cummings attack has been frontal—negatively through his ability to hoist the purveyors of standardized sham by their own petard positively by the never ageing celebration of himself as the epitome of youth curiosity and passion The hardboiled speech and addled typography of Cummings style serve to armor his sentiment and his eroticism Internal combustion has been his principle and an imagination that merges the thing described with the way of describing it his method

*I'd rather learn from one bird how to sing
Than teach ten thousand stars how not to dance*

RANSOM AND STEVENS A chronicle of the second renaissance of American poetry would not be complete without mention of two poets whose influence on the poetry of today is incalculable. In making a selection of their work, the editor has sought to present a representative sample of their best writing. The book is a volume of 100 pages, 50 cents.

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Robert Penn Warren and Allen Tate elegizes

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VI Toward Integration

etween Chicago and Paris it was clear by 1930 which
sion of the "second renaissance" had won the day. Two

ix is not over yet—followed strictly the rules laid down
Pound who had defined an image as "an intellectual and
sional complex in an instant in time," and by Eliot, whose
sterpiece was constructed of hundreds of such images
id which could not be understood without disregarding
er actual sequence in the poem in order to "perceive" them
multaneously.

As early as 1910 however two questions were beginning
to trouble the more ambitious artists who had adopted the
ew style. Since America was far from being a played-out
ivilization was in fact still a young one, could such a raffish
ion naturalistic technique alone convey its vitality? And
secondly, was the main stream of American literature—what
mics like Van Wyck Brooks, and heterodox magazines like
The Seven Arts were beginning to refer to as our "usable
past"—to be bypassed entirely.

MACLEISH The year 1930 saw the publication of two
AND CRANE significant poems Hart Crane a Middle
Western of New England ancestry whose
early lines carried Imagism and symbolism to new extremes.

and who had just returned from several unhappy months in Paris brought out *The Bridge*. Archibald MacLeish whose background was somewhat similar and whose first book exhibited an elegant lyricism subtly derivative of Pound and Eliot and their French contemporaries Apollinaire and St. Jean Perse published the prelude to *Conquistador*. But poems represented a strenuous effort to integrate the new style with America and the fact that neither wholly succeeded could be attributed at least in part to the extreme complexity of the task.

MacLeish's approach to the problem being the more superficial produced the more seemingly harmonious result. By superimposing his fluid style first on the barbaric canvas of Cortez's conquest of Mexico and later (in *Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City*, *Public Speech* and *America Was Promises*) on three typical phases of the Roosevelt New Deal he was able with great skill to create the illusion of symbolist poetry at home in extraverted America and in the service of reform. Actually the only sea-change that took place in the poetry itself was that as it became more insistently hortatory it became less capable of conveying even its original timbre. As the public figure of MacLeish advanced from conqueror to conquest the poetry was left to catch up, improvise manifestoes and adapt itself to the man who was no longer the original poet. MacLeish had foreseen the dilemma in his justly famous *Invocation to the Social Muse* but acting in violation of his own warning he suffered as a poet the very fate he had predicted.

Young Crane had been among the readers of *The Seven Arts* in 1916 and very probably he had pondered Romain Rolland's Whitmanesque letter of exhortation to that short-lived magazine. Between the over-dense symbolism of "At McVilles Tomb" which he sold to *Poetry* magazine in 1916 after a month of explanatory correspondence with Harriet Monroe and the complete though anguished mastery of *The Broken Tower* which was written in Mexico just before his suicide in 1932 Crane labored to construct a myth and a language which would link certain chains of the past with certain chains and tendencies of the future. *The Bridge* which he so described was an heroic failure. Lacking the emotional stability and intellectual perseverance required to write a poem of such monumental scope Crane's artistic integrity and intoxicated vision were nevertheless so outstanding that he did achieve integration in snapshots.

OND PHASE E FORTIES

John Wheelwright, the gifted Boston nonconformist who survived Crane by only eight years and who wrote the epiaph once at a public meeting asked Amy Lowell only question that is known to have embarrassed her "Amy Lowell" he said "how do you write poetry if you don't anything to say." The question still needs to be asked. The typical poem of the 40's communicates nothing but a need but it has at least been faced by some of the younger poets who followed Crane—by James Agee and Karl Shapiro, Theodore Roethke and Peter Viereck and Elizabeth

poems from a
Famous Men
alien had the

materialism and spiritual poverty of America been damned with such an intensity of indignation or countered with such a combination of mystical identification and fierce self-questioning. The form of the book brought Agee into the company of those American poets from Thomas and Whitman to Melville and Thomas Wolfe who have hovered in their major work between prose and verse. But the social consciousness of this extraordinary poem which grew out of a routine assignment to write an article on tenant farming for the magazine *Fortune* was a legitimate by-product of the 30's.

Roethke like Kenneth Rexroth and Byron Vazakas and to a lesser extent Elizabeth Bishop denied his understated and deceptively simple style from the cross-grained imagist William Carlos Williams. Williams had applied the method of arranging unpoetic material in prosaic cadences to a broader canvas than Marianne Moore ever faced using it to illuminate by contrast the paradoxical aesthetic barrenness and emotional poverty of the richest nation on earth.

Karl Shapiro's restrained but unyielding poems of social protest exploited the same vein of paradox but in a more traditionally formal style derived in part from Auden. The attitude of personal responsibility for national guilt that lay behind his war poems was in striking contrast to the evasive transference and despair that informed the characteristic poetry of the first World War. Peter Viereck's war poems more relaxed in meter and drawing deliberately on the "higher" tradition of Whitman, London and the folk singers pre-

used to convey this healthily satirical message to a wide audience

The soul-searching strain of New England that had left American poetry when Eliot followed Henry James into exile took fire anew in the work of two Bostonians, Richard Eberhart and Robert Lowell. Eberhart's "The Groundhog" is strictly a confession of the puritan conscience, recalling vividly the passage in *Walden* in which Thoreau explains why he felt compelled to pass a dead horse—to be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor. Lowell, who as a conscientious objector and converted Catholic during the War "protested" his faith with the same violence of imagery and strictness of form employed by Edward Taylor, is both by temperament and by training one of these young poets who have been heard since

CONCLUSIONS It is of course too early to say whether any of these younger poets will fulfill their promise. But it is not too early to see that the hopeful direction of poetry since the second World War is toward a recapture of the American heritage. The wound that opened in the body of American poetry with Emerson's final rejection of Whitman may be healed by them. The dualism that was symbolized by Henry James in that review of *Drum Taps*

democracy, which almost from colonial days gave American poetry its unique character, bodies forth with unashamed frankness and sufficient passion in his poetry alone. It follows that the tragedy, the unfulfilled renown of our verse, is due in no small part to the failure of the poets of sensibility to accept that challenge and to the followers of Whitman for wrapping themselves in his Americanism.

Edward Taylor, 1644(?)—1729

HUSWIEERY

Make me, O Lord thy Spinning Wheele compleat
Thy Holy Worde my Distaff make for mee
Make mine Affections thy Swift Flyer neate
And make my Soule thy holy Spoule to bee
My Conversation make to be thy Reele
And reele the yarn thereon spun of thy Wheele.

Make me thy Loom then knit therein this Twine
And make thy Holy Spirit, Lord winder quills
Then weave the Web thyselfe The yarn is fine
Thine Ordinances make my Fulling Mill.
Then dy the same in Heavenly Colours Choice
All pinkt with Varnish & Flowers of Paradise

Then clooth therewith mine Understanding, Will,
Affections Judgment Conscience Memory
My Words and Actions that their shine may fill
My waies with glory and thee glorify
Then mine apparrell shall display before yee
That I am Cloathed in Holy robes for glory

UPON WHAT BASE

Over the Lath wherein

Where stand the
Wl o Lac de and Filled the earth so un-
With Rivers like green Ribbons Smaragdine?
Who made the Seas its Sledge and its locks
Like a Quilt Ball within a Silver Box?
Who Spread its Canopy? Or Curtaine Spun?
Who in this Bowling Alley bould the Sun?

Cast?
mand?
nds?

Sir William he, snug as a flea
Lay all this time a snoring
Nor dream'd of harm as he lay warm,
In bed with Mrs Loring

Now in a fright he starts upright,
Awak'd by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
For God's sake, what's the matter?

At his bed-side he then esp'y'd,
Sir Erskine at command sir,
Upon one foot, he had one boot,
And th'other in his hand, sir

'Arise arise' Sir Erskine cries,
The rebels—more's the pity,
Without a boat are all afloat,
And rang'd before the city

The motley crew, in vessels new
With Satan for their guide sir
'Pick'd up in bags, or wooden legs
Come driving down the tide sir.

Therefore prepare for bloody war
These legs must all be routed,
'Or surely we despised shall be
And British courage doubted'

The royal band, now ready stand
All rang'd in dread array sir
With stomach stout to see it out
And make a bloody day sir

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle
Since wars began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle

The rebel dales the rebel vales
With rebel trees surrounded
The distant wood the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded

The fish below swam to and fro
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter
Who ever thought they, the dev

The legs, 'tis said tho' strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes
The conqu'ring British troops sir
From morn to night these men of might
Display'd amazing courage
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retur'd to sup their portage
An hundred men with each a pen,
Or more upon my word sir
It is most true would be too few,
Their valour to record sir
Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wick'd legs sir
That years to come if they get home
They'll make their boasts and brags sir

Philip Freneau, 1752-1832

EPISTLE

From *Dr. Franklin (deceased) to his Poetical Po*
on some of their absurd compliments

Good Poets, who so full of pain,
Are you sincere—or do you feign?
Love for your tribe I never had,
Nor penned three stanzas good or bad

At funerals, sometimes, grief appears,
Where legacies have purchased tears,
'Tis folly to be sad for nought,
From me you never gained a groat

To better trades I turned my views,
And never meddled with the muse,
Great things I did for rising states,
And kept the lightning from some pates

This grand discovery you adore it,
But ne'er will be the better for it
You still are subjects to those fires,
For Poets' houses have no spires

Philosophers are famed for pride;
But, pray, be modest—when I died
No "sighs disturbed old ocean's bed,"
No "nature wept for Franklin dead!"

That day, on which I left the coast,
A beggar man was also lost
If "nature wept," you must agree,
She wept for *him* as well as *me*

There's reason even in telling lies,
In such profusion of her "sighs,"
She was too sparing of a tear—
In Carolina, all was clear.

And if there fell some snow and sleet
Why must it be my winding sheet?
Snows oft have cloathed the April plain,
Have melted and will meet again

Poets I pray you say no more,
Or say what Nature said before
That reason showed your pens direct,
Or else you pay me no respect

A reason be your constant rule
And Nature trust me is no fool
When to the dust great men she brings
Make her do—some uncommon things "

DEATH

From The House of Night

Dark was the sky, and not one friendly star
Shone from the zenith or horizon clear
Mist sate upon the woods and darkness rode
In her black chariot with a wild career

And from the woods the late resounding note
Issued of the loquacious Whup-poor-will
Horse howling dogs and nightly roving wolves
Clamour'd from far off cliffs invisible

Rude from the wide extended Chesapeake
I heard the winds the dashing waves assail
And saw from far by picturing fancy form'd
The black ship travelling through the noisy gale

☆ ☆ ☆

C
V way
lonely round
ss lay

And screams were heard from the distemper'd ground

Nor look'd I back till to a far-off wood
Trembling with fear my weary feet had sped—
Dark was the night but at the enchanted dome
I saw the infernal windows flaming red

And from within the howls of Death I heard
Cursing the dismal night that gave him birth
Damning his ancient sire and mother sin
Who at the gates of hell accursed brought him forth

(For fancy gave to my entrapt soul
An eagle's eye with keenest glance to see
And bade those distant sounds distinctly roll
Which waking never had affected me)

☆ ☆ ☆

Though humbled now dishearten'd and distressed
Yet when admitted to the peaceful ground
~ With heroes kings and conquerors—I shall rest
Still sleep as safely and perhaps as sound

Joel Barlow, 1754-1812

A CHOICE IN SPOONS

from *The Hasty Pudding*

With ease to enter and discharge the rigour,
A bowl less concave but still more dilate,
Becomes the pudding best The shape the size,
A secret test, unknown to vulgar eyes
Experienced feeders can alone impart

Which in two equal portions shall divide
The distance from the center to the side
Fear not to slaver us no deadly sin —
Like the free Frenchman from your joyous chin
Suspend the ready napkin or like me,
Pose with one hand your bowl upon your knee;
Just in the zenith your wise head project,
Your full spoon hung in a line direct,
Bold as a bucket heed no drops that fall,
The wide mouthed bowl will surely catch them all!

THE WHORE ON THE SNOW CRUST

New England Broadside in Defence of Bundling, c. 1786

Adam at first was formed of dust,
As we find of record,
And did receive a wife call'd Eve,
By a creative word

From Adam's side a crooked bride,
We find complete in form,
Ordained that they in bed might lay
And keep each other warm

To court indeed they had no need,
She was his wife at first,
And she was made to be his aid
Whose origin was dust

Though Adam's wife destroyed his life
In manner that is awful,
Yet marriage now we all allow
To be both just and lawful

And nowadays there is two ways,
Which of the two is right
To lie between sheets sweet and clean
Or sit up all the night

But some suppose bundling in cloaths
The good and wise doth vex
Then let me know which way to go
To court the fairer sex

Whether they must be hugg'd and buss'd
When sitting up all night,
Or whether they in bed may lay,
Which doth reason invite?

Nature's request is, give me rest,
Our bodies seek repose
Night is the time, and 'tis no crime
To bundle in our cloaths

✓
Since in a bed a man and maid
May bundle and be chaste,
It doth no good to burn up wood,
It is a needless waste

Let coat and shift be turned adrift,
And breeches take their flight,
And honest man and virgin can
Lie quiet all the night,

But if there be dishonesty
Implanted in the mind
Breeches nor smocks nor scarce padlocks
The rage of lust can bind

Kate Nance and Sue proved just and true
Though bundling did practise
But Ruth beguiled and proved with child
Who bundling did despise

Whores will be whores and on the floors
Where many have been laid,
To set and smoke and ashes poke
Won't keep awake a maid

Bastards are not at all times got
In feather beds, we know
The strumpet's oath convinces both
Oftimes it is not so

One whorish dame I fear to name
Lest I should give offense
But in this to in she was took down
Not more than eight months since

She was the first that on snow crust
I ever knew to gender
I'll hint no more about this whore
For fear I should offend her

'Twas on the snow when Sol was low
And was in Capricorn
A child was got and it will not
Be long ere it is born

So unto those that do oppose
The bundling trade I say
Perchance there's more got on the floor
Than any other way

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New England Broadside in Defence of Bundling c. 1

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 And did receive a wife call'd Eve,
 By a creative word

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 Which of the two is right
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MITHRIDATES

I cannot spare water or wine
Tobacco-leaf, or poppy, or rose,
From the earth poles to the Line
All between that works or grows,
Even thing is kin of mine
Give me agates for my meat,
Give me cantharids to eat,
From air and ocean bring me foods,
From all zones and altitudes,—
From all natures, sharp and slimy,
Salt and basalt, wild and tame
Tree and lichen, ape sea lion,
Bird, and reptile be my game
Ivy for my fillet band
Blinding dog wood in my hand
Hemlock for my shelter cull me,
And the prussic juice to lull me;
Swing me in the upas boughs
Vampire fanned, when I carouse.
Too long shut in strait and few,
Thinks dieted on dew
I will use the world, and sift it,
To a thousand humors shift it,
As you spin a cherry
O doleful ghosts and goblins merry!
O all you virtues methods mights
Means, appliances, delights,
Reputed wrongs and braggart rights,
Smug routine and things allowed,
Minorities things under cloud!
Hither take me use me fill me
Vein and artery though ye kill me!

THE SNOW STORM

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight the whited air
Hides full and woods the river, and the heaven,

Go blindworm, go
Behold the famous States
Harrying Mexico
With rifle and with knife!

Ot who with accent bolder,
Dare praise the freedom loving mountaineer?
I found by thee O rushing Contoocook!
And in thy valleys, Agochook!
The jachals of the negro-holder

The God who made New Hampshire
Taunted the lofty land
With little men
Small bat and wren
Horse in the oak
If earth fire cleave
The upheaved land and burn the folk,
The southern crocodile would grieve
Virtue palter Right is hence
Freedom praised but had
Funeral eloquence
Rattles the coffin lid

What boots thy real
O glowing friend,
That would indignant rend
The northland from the south?
Wherefore? to what good end?
Boston Bay and Bunker Hill
Would were things will
Things are of the snake

The horseman serves the horse
The neatherd craves the neat
The merchant serves the purse
The carter serves his meat
Tis the day of the chancel
Weh to wave and corn to grind
Things in in the saddle
And ride mankind
There are in laws discrete
Not reconciled
Law for man and law for thing
The law builds town and fleet
But it runs wild
And it is the man unking

In a tumultuous privacy of storm

Come see the north wind's masonry.
 Out of an unseen quarry evermore
 Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
 Curves his white bastions with projected roof
 Round every windward stake, or tree, or door
 work

On loop of knive he hangs Persian wreaths,
 A swan like form invests the hidden thorn
 Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
 Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
 A tapering turret overtops the work.
 And when his hours are numbered, and the world
 Is all his own, retiring as he were not,
 Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
 To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
 Built in an age, the mad wind's night work,
 The frolic architecture of the snow

ODE

Inscribed to W H Channing

Though loath to grieve
 The evil times sole patriot,
 I cannot leave
 My honeyed thought
 For the priest's cant,
 Or statesman's rant

If I refuse
 My study for their politique,
 Which at the best is trick,
 The angry Muse
 Puts confusion in my brain

But who is he that prates
 Of the culture of mankind,
 Of better arts and life?

TERMINUS

It is time to be old,
 To take in sail —
 The god of bounds,
 Who sets to seas a shore,
 Came to me in his fatal rounds,
 And said 'No more!
 No farther shoot
 Thy broad ambitious branches and thy root.
 Fancy departs no more invent,
 Contract thy firmament
 To compass of a tent
 There's not enough for this and that,
 Make thy option which of two,
 Economize the failing river,
 Not the less retain the Giver,
 Leave the many and hold the few
 Timely we accept the terms
 Soften the fall with wary foot,
 A little while
 Still plan and smile,
 And — fault of novel germs, —
 Mature the unfallen fruit
 Curse it thou wilt thy sire,
 Bad husbands of their fires
 Who when they gave thee breath,
 Failed to bequeath
 The needful sinew stark as once,
 The Borsark marrow to thy bones,
 But left a legacy of chiving veins
 Inconstant heat and nerveless reins —
 Amid the Muses left thee deaf and dumb,
 Amid the gladiators halt and numb.
 As the bird trimm her to the gale,
 I trim myself to the storm of time,
 I'm in the rudder reef the sail
 O'er the one at eye obeyed at prime
 With faithful hushy fear,
 Right onward drive unharmed
 The port well worth the cruise, is near,
 And every wave is charmed.
 But it ru

• 'Tis fit the forest fall,
The steep be graded,
The mountain tunnelled,
The sand shaded,
The orchard planted,
The glebe tilled,
The prairie granted,
The steamer built

Let man serve law for man,
Live for friendship, live for love,
For as I am I'll serve my fellow-men,

Yet do not I implore
The wrinkled shopman to my sounding woods
Nor bid the unwilling senator
Ask votes of thrushes in the solitudes
Every one to his chosen work,
Foolish hands may mix and mar;
Wise and sure the issues are
Round they roll till dark is light,
Sex to sex, and even to odd,
The over-god
Who marnes Right to Might,
Who peoples, unpeoples,
He who exterminates
Races by stronger races
Black by white faces,
Knows to bring honey
Out of the lion,
Grafts gentlest scion
On pirate and Turk

The Cossack eats Poland,
Like stolen fruit,
Her last noble is ruined,
Her last poet mute,
Straight, into double band
The victors divide,
Half for freedom strike and stand,
The astonished Muse finds thousands at her aid

me they here? What burst of Christian hate,
Persecution merciless and blind,
Over the sea—that desert desolate—
The Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?

Lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Two and Judenstrass in mark and mire,
In the school of patience to endure
Life of anguish and the death of fire

But lives long with the unleavened bread
The bitter herbs of exile and its fears
Raising famine of the heart that fed
It slaked its thirst with Marah of their tears

1 1 2 2

to street,

Christian feet

And humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the world where'er they went,
Scolded and beaten were they as the sand
And yet unshaken as the continent,

1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2

But thus forever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read
Turning it backward like a Hebrew book,
Till it became a Legend of the Dead

Ah! what once has been shall be no more!
The groaning earth in travail and in pain
Brings forth its races but does not restore
And the dead nations never rise again

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-1882

THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT

How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves,
Close by the street of this fair seaport town,
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the south wind's breath
While underneath such leafy tents they keep
The long mysterious Exodus of Death

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pile with level flags their burial place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different climes,
Alvares and Rivera interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old times

'Blessed be God! for he created Death!'
The mourner said "and Death is rest and peace",
Then added, in the certainty of faith,
"And giveth Life that never more shall cease"

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,
No Psalms of David now the silence break,
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected, for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green

ey lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Jhetto and Judenstrass, in mark and rout;
right in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire

their lives long, with the unleavened bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
e wasting famine of the heart that fed
And staked us thus with Marsh of their tears.

atema maranatha' was the cry

feet

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I walked with them through the world where'er they went,
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ng forth its races but does not restore
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THE SUN THAT BRIEF
DECEMBER DAY

from *Snow-Bound*

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein the circling race

Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's grass for the cows
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn,
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent

☆ ☆ ☆

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809-1894

LATTER-DAY WARNINGS

from *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*

When legislators keep the law,
When banks dispense with bolts and locks,
When berries, whortle-rasp—and straw—
Grow bigger downwards through the box,—
When he that selleth house or land
Shows leak in roof or flaw in night,—
When haberdashers choose the stand
Whose window hath the broadest light,—
When preachers tell us all they think,
And party leaders all they mean,—
When what we pay for that we drink,
From real grape and coffee-bean—
When lawyers take what they would give,
And doctors give what they would take,—
When city fathers eat to live
Save when they fast for conscience sake,—
When one that hath a horse on sale
Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every nail
That holds the iron on the hoof—

112

When Cub's words have quite forgot
The power of suction to resist
And claret bottles harbor not
Such dimples as would hold your fist,—
When publishers no longer steal
And pay for what they stole before,—
When the first locomotive's wheel
Rolls through the Hoosac tunnels bore,—

Fill

But

THE SUN THAT BRIEF
DECEMBER DAY

from Snow-Bound

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
His mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard dull bitterness of cold,
That checked mid-vein the circling race
Of life blood in the sharpened freeze,
The coming of the snow storm told
The wind blew east, we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors
Littered the stalls and from the mows
Raked down the herd's grass for the cows
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn,
And sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows,
While, peering from his early perch
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Shows leak in roof or flaw in right,—

When haberdashers choose the stand

Whose window hath the broadest light,—

When preachers tell us all they think,

And party leaders all they mean,—

When what we pay for, that we drink,

From real grape and coffee-bean,—

When lawyers take what they would give,

And doctors give what they would take,—

When city fathers eat so live

Save when they fast for conscience' sake,—

When one that hath a horse on sale

Shall bring his merit to the proof,

Without a lie for every nail

That holds the iron on the hoof —

When in the usual place for tips

Our gloves are stitched with special care,

And guarded well the whalebone tips

Where first umbrellas need repair —

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot

The power of suction to resist,

And claret bottles harbor not

Such dimples as would hold your fist,—

When publishers no longer steal

And pay for what they stole before,—

When the first locomotive's wheel

Rolls through the Horsac tunnel's bore,—

Till then let Cumming blaze an ar

And Millers' aunts blow up the globe;

But when you see that blessed day

Then order your ~~order~~ robe!

SONNET-TO SCIENC

Science! true daughter of Old Time thou art
 Who alterest all things with thy ^{art} ^{eyes}
 Why pretest thou thus upon the poet's heart,
 Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?
 How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise,
 Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering
 To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies
 Albeit he soared with an undimmed wing?
 Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car?
 And driven the Hymadryad from the wood
 To seek a shelter in some happier star?
 Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,
 The Elfin from the green grass, and from me
 The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

THE CITY IN THE SEA

No! Death has reared himself a throne

Have gone to their eternal rest
 Their shrines and palaces and towers
 (Time-worn towers that tremble not)
 Resemble nothing that is ours
 Around by lifting winds forgot,
 Resignedly beneath the sky
 The melancholy waters lie

Not a wave is left that has come down
 From the old city's towered town,

Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
 Up domes—~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~halls~~

Help fares—up Babylon like walls—
 Up shadowy long forgotten bowers
 Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
 Up many and many a marvellous shrine
 Whose wreathed snezes intertwine
 The violet the violet, and the vine
 Reunitedly beneath the sky
 The melancholy waters lie
 So blend the turrets and shadows there
 That all seem pendulous in air
 While from a proud tower in the town
 Death looks giganticall down
 ☆ ☆ ☆

THE HAUNTED PALACE

In the greenest of our valleys
 By good angels tenanted
 Once a fair and stately palace—
 Radiant palace—reared its head
 In the monarch Thought's dominion
 It stood there
 Never seraph spread a pinion
 Over fabric half so fair
 Banners yellow glorious golden
 On its roof did float and flow
 (This—all this—was in the olden
 Time long ago)
 And even gentle air that dallied
 In that sweet day
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
 A winged odor went away
 Wanderers in that happy valley
 Through two luminous windows saw
 Spirits moving musically
 To a lute's well-tuned law
 Pound about a throne where, sitting,
 (Porphyrogenet)
 In state his glory well befitting,
 The ruler of the realm

SONNET-TO SCIENC

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 Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes
 Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart
 Vulture whose wings are dull realities?
 How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise,
 Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering
 To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies
 Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?
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 And driven the Hamadryad from the wood
 To seek a shelter in some happier star?
 Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood
 The Elfin from the green grass and from me
 The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

THE CITY IN THE SEA

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
 In a strange city lying alone
 Far down within the dim West
 'Tis all as still as death and the best

The melancholy wail is

No rays from the holy Heaven come down
 On the long night time of that town
 But light from out the lurid sea
 Streams up the turrets silently—
 Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
 Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—

Olney faces—up Babylon like walls—
Up shadow long-forgotten towers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up mans and mans a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathed fingers intertwine
The rose, the violet, and the vine.

Reveredly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantic down

☆ ☆ ☆

THE HAUNTED PALACE

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted
Once a fair and stately palace—
Rud and palace—reared its head
In the romantic Thoughts domain.

It stood there
Never seraph spread a pin on
Over fabric half so fair

Banners yellow, glorious, golden
On its roof did float and bow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago)

And were gentle air that dallied
In that sweet day
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged host went away

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through the luminous windows, as if
Spirits moaning mutually
To a lesser well-tuned harp

Round about a throne where sitting,
Porphyrine

In state his glory well becoming,
The ruler of the realm was seen

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flow
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king
But evil things in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate,
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim remembered story
Of the old time entombed

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more

Jones Very, 1813-1880

THY BROTHER'S BLOOD

I have no brother They who meet me now
Offer a hand with their own wills defiled,
And while they wear a smooth unwrinkled brow,
Lies truth can never be beguiled

Abel's red blood upon
And by thy tongue it cannot be denied.
I hear not with the ear — the heart doth tell
Its secret deeds to me untold before
Go all its hidden plunder quickly sell
Then shalt thou cleanse thee from thy brother's gore,
Then will I take thy gift that bloody stain
Shall not be seen upon thy hand again

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate,
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)

And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim remembered story
Of the old time entombed

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

Drip drip the trees for all the country round
And richness rare distills from every bough,
The wind alone it is makes every sound
Shaking down crystals on the leaves below

For shame the sun will never show himself,
Who could not with his beams e'er melt me so;
My dripping locks,—they would become an elf,
Who in a beaded coat does gaily go

HAZEL

Wool of the sun—ethereal gauze
Woven of Nature's richest stuffs,
Visible heat—air water and dry sea,
Last conquest of the eye
Toil of the day displayed—sun-dust
Aerial surf upon the shores of earth,
Ethereal expanse—frith of light
Breakers of air—billows of heat
Fine summer spray—in inland seas
Bird of the sun—transparent winged
Owl of noon—soft pinioned
From heath or stubble rising without song—
Establish thy serenity at the fields

CONSCIENCE

Conscience is in untried in the house,
Feeling and Thinking propagate the sin
By an unnatural breeding, in and in
I say—Turn it out—dixie
Into the moors
I love a life whose plot is simple
And does not thicken with every pimple
A soul so sound no sickly conscience binds it
That makes the universe no worse than it finds it
I love an earnest soul
Whose mayhem joy and sorrow
Are not drowned in a bowl
And brought to life to-morrow
That lives one tragedy

THE SUMMER RAIN

My books I'd fain cast off, I cannot read,
Twixt every page my thoughts go stray at large
Down in the meadow, where is richer feed,
And will not mind to hit their proper target.

Plutarch was good, and so was Homer too,
Our Shakespeare's life were rich to live again,
What Plutarch read, that was not good nor true,
Nor Shakespeare's books, unless his books were men.

Here while I lie beneath this walnut bough,
What care I for the Greeks or for Troy town,
If juster battles are enacted now
Between the ants upon this hummock's crown?

Bid Homer wait till I the issue learn,
If red or black the gods will favor most,
Or yonder Ajax will the phalanx turn,
Struggling to heave some rock against the host.

Tell Shakespeare to attend some leisure hour,
For now I've business with this drop of dew,
And see you not, the clouds prepare a shower,—
I'll meet him shortly when the sky is blue.

This bed of herdsgrass and wild oats was spread
Last year with nicer skill than monarchs use,
A clover tuft a pillow for my head,
And violets quite overtop my shoes

Some in the pool, some in the flowerbell

I am well drenched upon my bed of oats,
But see that globe come rolling down its side
Now like a lonely planet there it soars,
And now it sinks into my garment's hem.

William Ellery Channing, 1818-1901

AND HERE THE HERMIT SAT,
AND TOLD HIS BLADS

and here the hermit sat and told his beads,
And stroked his flowing locks red as the fire,
Summed up his tale of morn and sun and star
How blest are we he deemed who so comprise
The essence of the whole and of ourselves,
As in a Venice flask of lucent chape
Ornate of gilt Arabic and incensed
With Suras from Times horan live and pray,
More than half grateful for the glittering prize,
Human existence! If I note my powers
So poor and frail a toy the insect's prey,
Licked by a berry festered by a plum
The very air infecting my thin frame
With its malarial touch whom every day
Rushes upon and hustles to the grave
Yet raised by the great love that brands o'er all
Responsive to a height beyond all thought

He ended as the night's prayer and fast
Summoned him inward But I sat and heard
The night hawks rip the air above my head
Till midnight o'er the warm dry dewless rocks
And saw the blazing dog star droop his fire,
And the low comet trailing to the south
Bend his reverted gaze and leave us free

And not seventy,
A conscience worth keeping,
Laughing not weeping,
A conscience wise and steady,
And for ever ready,
Not changing with events,
Dealing in compliments,
A conscience exercised about
Large things, where one *may* doubt.
I love a soul not all of wood,
Predestinated to be good,
But true to the backbone
Unto itself alone,
And false to none,
Born to its own affairs
Its own joys and own cares
By whom the work which God begun
Is finished, and not undone,
Taken up where he left off,
Whether to worship or to scoff,
If not good why then evil
If not good god, good devil
Goodness!—you hypocrite come out of that,
Live your life, do your work, then take your hat
I have no patience towards
Such conscientious cowards
Give me simple laboring folk,
Who love their work,
Whose virtue is a song
To cheer God along

Anonymous

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE AN
EAGLE IN DE AIR

Negro Spiritual, Nineteenth Century

Sometimes I feel like an eagle in de air
Some-a dese mornin's bright an' fair
I'm goin' to lay down my heavy load
Goin' to spread my wings an' cleave de air
You may bury me in de east,
You may bury me in de west
But I'll hear de trumpet sound
In a dat mornin'

James Russell Lowell, 1819-1891

EMERSON

From *A Fable for Critics*

T
Wh
To
Carlyle's the more burly, but E. is the rarer,
He sees fewer objects, but clearer, trulier,
If C's as original, E. s more peculiar,
That he's more of a man you might say of the one,
Of the other he's more of an Emerson
C's the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb—
E. the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and slim,
The one's two thirds Norseman, the other half Greek,
Where the one's most abounding the other's to seek,
C's generals require to be seen in the mass,—
E's specialties gain if enlarged by the glass
C gives nature and God his own fits of the blues
And rims common sense things with mystical hues,—
E sits in a mystery calm and intense
And looks coolly around him with sharp common sense,
C shows you how every-day matters unite
With the dim transdiurnal recesses of night,—
While E., in a plain, preternatural way,
Makes mysteries matters of mere every day,
C draws all his characters quite à la Fuseli,—
Not sketching their bundles of muscles and thews illy,
He paints with a brush so untamed and profuse,
They seem nothing but bundles of muscles and thews,
E. is rather like Flaxman, lines strait and severe
And a colorless outline, but full, round, and clear,—
To the men he thinks worthy he frankly accords
The design of a white marble statue in words
C labors to get in the centre, and then
Take a reckoning from there of his actions and men,
E. calmly assumes the said centre as granted,
And, given himself, has whatever is wanted

Herman Melville, 1819-1891

THE MARCH INTO VIRGINIA

Erding in the First Manassas (July, 1861)

Did all the lets and bars appear
To every just or larger end,
Whence should come the trust and cheer?
Youth must its ignorant impulse end—
Age finds place in the rear
All wars are boyish and are fought by boys,
The champions and enthusiasts of the state;
Turbid ardours and vain joys
Not barrenly abate—
Stimulants to the power mature,
Preparatives of fate

Who here forecasteth the event?
What heart but spurns at provident
And warnings of the wise
Convinced foreclosures of surprise?
The banners play the bugles call
The air is blue and prodigal
No betting party pleasure wooed,
No picnic party in the May
Ever went less loth than they
Into that leafy neighbourhood
In Bacchan glee they file toward Fate,
Moloch's uninvited
Expectancy and glad surprise
Of battle's unknown mysteries
All they feel in this us glory
A rapture sharp though transitory
Yet lasting in belauded story
So they gaily go to fight,
Chasing left and laughing right

But woe who this blithe mood present,
Is on in lightsome files they fare,
Shall die experienced ere three days are spent—
Perish enlightened by the volleyed glare;
Or shame survive, and like to adamant
The throes of Second Manassas share

Julia Ward Howe, 1819-1910

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored,

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
sword,
His truth is marching on

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred camps
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
damps,

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps,
His day is marching on

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of letters
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
shall deal,

Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with his
heel,
Since God is marching on

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
retreat

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment
seat

Oh, be swift my soul to answer Him! be jubilant
in His feet!

Our God is marching on

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the
land

It was ch-chu n with love's jewell'd u k ns about d ng,
Cur's arboreal shaking out odours,
Waiting along the batteries, astounding
The gunner glum and the gun visaged loaders.

Wife where be all these bl des I wonder
Peppered fine fellows, so strong so gay
Yet their colours with a dip dyed under
Have they hauled them down in a lock lustre day,
Or braced their boots in the Far Far Away?

☆ ☆ ☆

FATHER NAPPLE'S HYMN

From Moby Dick

The rib and terror in the whale
Arched over me a dismal gloom,
While all God's sunlit waves rolled by
And left me deepening down to doom

I saw the opening man of hell
With endless pains and sorrows there;
Which none but they that feel can tell—
Oh I was plunging to despair

In black distress, I called my God
When I could scarce believe I him mine,
He bowed his ear to my complaints—
No more the whale did me confine.

With speed He flew to my relief
As on a radiant dolphin borne
Inful yet bright as lightning shorn
The face of my Deliverer God

My song for ever shall record
That terrible that joyful hour
I give the glory to my God
His all the mercy and the power

In and covered by to-day's foundation of to-day's,
 & deceased through time her voice by Castaly's foun-
 tain
 at the broken Ippod Sphinx in Egypt silent all those
 century-baffling tombs,
 led for aye the epics of Asia's, Europe's helmeted war-
 riors ended the primitive call of the muses,
 hopes call for ever closed Chlo Melpomene Thalia
 dead
 led the stately rhythmus of Una and Onana ended the
 quest of the holy Graal
 Jerusalem a handful of ashes blown by the wind extinct,
 Crusaders' streams of shadowy midnight troops sped
 with the sunrise
 and: Tancred utterly gone Charlemagne Roland
 Oliver gone,
 Minotaur departed vanished the turrets that Usk from
 the
 and Lancelot
 like an ex-

had passed for us, for ever passed that once so mighty
 world now void inanimate phantom world
 embroidered dazzling foreign world with all its gorgeous
 legends myths
 castles and castles proud its priests and warlike lords and
 courtly dames
 passed to its charnel vault coffin'd with crown and armor on
 blazon'd with Shakespeare's purple page
 and d'rged by Tennyson's sweet sad rhyme
 I say I see my friends E - A - L - U

you are not a bit by drain pipe, gasometers artificial ferti-
 lizers,
 Smiling and pleas'd with palpable intent to stay
 She's here install'd amid the kitchen ware!

Walt Whitman, 1819-1892

COME MUSE MIGRATE FROM
GREECE AND IONIA

From Song of the Exposition

Come Muse migrate from Greece and Ionia,
Cross out please those immensely overpaid accounts,
That matter of Troy and Achilles' wrath, and Aeneas',
 seus wanderings,
Placard Removed and 'To Let' on the rocks of your
 Parnassus,
Repeat at Jerusalem, place the notice high on Jaffas
 and on Mount Moriah
The same on the walls of your German, French, and
 ish castles and Italian collections,
For know a better, fresher, busier sphere, a wide, un-
 domain awaits, demands you

☆ ☆ ☆

Responsive to our summons
Or rather to her long nurs'd inclination,
Join'd with an irresistible, natural gravitation,
She comes! I hear the rustling of her gown,
I scent the odor of her breath's delicious fragrance,
I mark her step divine, her curious eyes a turning roll
Upon this very scene

The dame of dames! can I believe then,
Those ancient temples sculptures classic, could not
 them retain her?
Nor shades of Virgil and Dante, nor myriad memo-
 poems, old associations magnetise and hold
 her?

But that she's left them all—and here?
Yes if you will allow me to say so,
I my friends, if you do not, can plainly see her,
The same undying soul of earth's, activity's, beauty's, life's
 ism's expression,
Out from her evolutions hither come, ended the strain
 her former themes

smokes his quid of tobacco while his eyes blur with the

manuscript
— 10 — 11 —

race
the western turkey-shooting draws old and young, some
lean on their rifles, some sit on logs,
from the crowd steps the marksman takes his position,
levels his piece
the groups of newly come immigrants cover the wharf or
levee
the woolly pates bow in the sugar field the overseer views
them from the

juvenile is awake in the cedar roof'd garret and hark to
the musical rain,
Wolvenne sets traps on the creek that helps fill the
Huron
squaw wrapt in her yellow hemm'd cloth is offering
moccasins and bead bags for sale,
connoisseur peers along the exhibition gallery with half
shut eyes bent sideways,
the deck hands make fast the steamboat the plank is
thrown for the shore-going passengers
the young sister holds out the skein while the elder sister
winds it off in a ball and stops now and then for
the knots,
the one year wife is recovering and happy having a week
ago borne her first child
the clean hand Yankee girl works with her sewing machine
or in the factory or mill
the paying man leans on his two-handed rattamer, the re-
porter's lead flies swiftly over the note-book, the
sign painter is lettering with blue and gold
the canal boy trots on the tow path the book keeper counts
shoemaker waxes his thread,

rockers go through the regions of the Red river or
through those drained by the Tennessee, or through
those of the Arkansas,
crabs stare in the dark that hangs on the Chattahoochee
or Alabama,

warriors sit at supper with sons and grandsons and great
grandsons around them
walls of adobe, in canvas tents rest hunters and trappers
after their day's sport
the day sleeps and the country sleeps
the living sleep for their time the dead sleep for their time
the old husband sleeps by his wife and the young husband
sleeps by his wife
I send inward to me and I send outward to them,
such as it is to be if there more or less I am
if there one and all I weave the song of myself



I the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul
pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell
are with me
the first I graft and increase upon myself the latter I trans-
late into a new nature
in the poet of the woman the same as the man
I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man
I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men

hate the chant of dilatoriness or pride
I have had ducking and deprecating about enough,
now that we are rich and prominent
if you cannot get the rest use it as the President
I smile that will more than avenge that every one and
I'll pass on

the that walks with the tender and growing night,
I to the earth and sea half held by the night
a close bare day and night—pre a close magnetic nourish-
ing night

the day with winds—night of the lake few stars'
I redding night—in the naked summer night

the O voluptuous cool breathed earth
with of the lumbering and liquid trees'
with of departed sunset—earth of the mountains musty tops'
with of the virgins pour of the full moon just tinged with

celers go through the regions of the Red river or
through those drain'd by the Tennessee, or through
those of the Arkansas,
a shawl in the dark that hangs on the Chattahoochee
in Altamaha,
they sit at supper with sons and grandsons and great
grandsons around them
In adobe in canvas tents rest hunters and trappers
after their day's sport

sleeps by his wife
they tend inward to me and I tend outward to them,
such as it is to be of these more or less I am
of these one and all I weave the song of myself

☆ ☆

the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul
pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell
are with me

"That I trans

I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man
I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men

hant the chains of dulcurn or pride
I have had ducking and deprecating about enough,
how that size is only development
are you outstrip the rest are you the Preudent?
is a trifle they will more than arrive there every one, and
will pass on

um he that walks with the tender and growing night,
tall to the earth and sea half held by the night

new close bare bosom'd night—press close magnetic nourish
ing night

night of south winds—night of the large few stars'
bill cladding night—wide naked summer night

inle O voluptuous cool breath'd earth'
earth of the slumbering and liquid trees'
earth of departed sunset—earth of the mountains misty top'
earth of the virtuous pour of the full moon just tinged with

I incorporate grass, coal, long-threaded moss, fruits,
grains, esculent roots
I am stocked with quadrupeds and birds all over,
I have distanced what is behind me for good reasons
call anything back again when I desire it

run the speeding or shyness,
run the plutonic rocks send their old heat against my
approach,
run the mastodon retreats beneath its own powdered
bones,
run objects stand leagues off and assume manifold
shapes
run the ocean settling in hollows and the great monsters
hiding low
run the buzzard houses herself with the sky
- - - - -

not on quickly I ascend to the nest in the tusk of the
cliff

★ ★ ★

the spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me he complains
of my gab and my loitering

you are not a bit named I too am untranslatable
sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world

The last word if day holds back for me
is like my likeness after the rest and true as any on the
shadowed wilds
it coaxes me to the vapor and the dusk

I depart as air I shake my white locks at the runaway sun
I effuse my flesh in eddies and drift it in lacy jags

I beset with my soul to the dust to grow from the grass I love,
If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles.

You will hardly know who I am or what I mean
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless
And filter and fibre your blood

- - - - - raged

ing my vigil strange with that vigil of night and bat
defiled dim
d for boy of responding kisses (never again on earth
responding)

well in

his blanket
d buried him where he fell

FACING WEST FROM CALIFORNIA'S SHORES

ing west from California's shores
quining, breathless seeking what is yet unsound
a child very old over waves towards the house of
maternity the land of migrations look afar
look off the shores of my Western sea the circle almost
circled
on starting westward from Hindustan from the vales of
Kashmere
from Asia from the north from the God the sage and
the hero
From the south from the flowery peninsulas and the spice
islands
Long having wander'd since round the earth having wan-
der'd
Not I face home again very pleas'd and joyous
(But where is what I started for so long ago?
And why is it yet unsound?)

AS I EBB'D WITH THE OCEAN OF LIFE

As I ebb'd with the ocean of life
As I wended the shores I know
As I walk'd where the apples continually wash you Pau-
manok
Where they rustle up hoarse and sibilant
Where the fierce old mother endlessly cries for her cas-

I musing late in the autumn day gazing off southward
I held by this electric self out of the pride of which I
poems
Was seized by the spirit that trails in the lines under
The rim the sediment that stands for all the water
all the land of the globe

Fascinated my eyes reverting from the south drop
follow those slender windrows
Chaff straw splinters of wood weeds and the sea gull
Scum scales from shining rocks leaves of silt lettuce
by the tide
Miles walking the sound of breaking waves the
side of me
Pumanok there and then as I thought the old thou
of likenesses
These you presented to me you fish shaped island
As I wended the shores I know
As I walk'd with that electric self seeking types

2

As I wend to the shores I know not
As I list to the dirge the voices of men and women
wreck'd
As I inhale the impalpable breezes that set in upon me
As the ocean so mysterious rolls toward me closer
closer
I too but signify at the utmost a little wash'd up drift
A few sands and dead leaves to gather
Gather and merge myself as part of the sands and drift
O biffled balk'd bent to the very earth
Oppress'd with myself that I have dared to open
mouth
Aware now that amid all that blab which echoes re
upon me I have not once had the least notion
who or what I am
But that before all my arrogant poems the real Me star
yet untouched untold altogether unreached
Withdrawn far mocking me with mock-congratulatory
signs and bows
With peals of distant ironical laughter at every word
have written
Pointing in silence to these songs and then to the sea
beneath

I perceive I have not really understood anything not a
single object and that no man ever can
Nature here in sight of the sea taking advantage of me
to dart upon me and sting me
Because I have dared to open my mouth to sing at all

3

You oceans both I close with you
We murmur alike reproachfully rolling sands and drift
knowing not why
These little shreds indeed standing for you and me and
all

You snable shore with trails of debris,
You fish-shaped island I take what is underfoot,
What is yours is mine, my father
too Paumanok,
too have bubbled up floated the measureless float, and
been washed on your shores
too am but a trail of drift and debris
too leave little wrecks upon you you fish-shaped island
throw myself upon your breast my father
cling to you so that you cannot unloose me
hold you so firm till you answer me something
as me my father
touch me with your lips as I touch those I love
rather to me while I hold you close the secret of the
murmuring I envy

4

Oh ocean of life (thou flow will return)
ease not your moaning you fierce old mother,
endlessly cry for your castaways, but fear not deny not
me
while not up so hoarse and angry against my feet as I
touch you or gather from you
mean tenderly by you and all
gather for myself and for this phantom looking down
where we lead and following me and mine
le and mine loose windrows little corpses,
with my white and bubbles
see from my dead lips the ooze exuding at last

I musing late in the autumn day gazing off southward
I held by this electric self out of the pride of which I u
poems
Was seiz'd by the spirit that trails in the lines underfe
The rim the sediment that stands for all the water
all the land of the globe

Fascinated my eyes reverting from the south dropt
follow those slender windrows
Chaff straw splinters of wood weeds and the sea glut
Scum scales from shining rocks leaves of salt lettuce
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Miles walking the sound of breaking waves the o
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Gather and merge myself as part of the sands and dr
O baffled balk'd bent to the very earth
Oppress'd with myself that I have dared to open
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Awake now that amid all that blab whose echoes res
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But that before all my arrogant poems the real Me st
yet untouched untold altogether unreach'd
Withdrawn far mocking me with mock-congratulate
signs and bows
With peals of distant ironical laughter at every word
have written
Pointing in silence to these songs and then to the s
beneath

erick Goddard Tuckerman, 1821-1

TWO SONNETS

It was, too late, that there a body lay,
But the wheels tilt but could not stop his horse
It not at once, then—flinging with a slap
The old cloth cover down he called a cap—
Went back, ten steps or more, and nothing found . . .

Yes, the dead pines and deersfoot on the ground,—
He quick returned again in five or six
His cap was gone and in its stead thrown down
The very loon-skin the twice-drowned had on,
With bits of seaweed sticking to the flax.
So Long rode home, of cap and sense bereft,
But still can show the dead on his back . . .

if Long's?

But the old man here rose and reached the tongs,
And fire to his pipe and phew'd away

See, the prismatic colors glistening and rolling),
 Tufts of straw, sands, fragments,
 Buoy'd hither from many moods, one contradicting
 other,
 From the storm, the long calm, the darkness, the sweet
 Musing, pondering, a breath, a briny tear, a dab of
 or soil,
 Up just as much out of fathomless workings f
 and thrown,
 A limp blossom or two, torn, just as much over
 floating drifted at random,
 Just as much for us that sobbing dirge of Nature,
 Just as much whence we come that blare of the cl
 trumpets
 We, capricious, brought hither we know not v'
 spread out before you,
 You up there walking or sitting
 Whoever you are we too lie in drifts at your feet

THE LAST INVOCATION

At the last, tenderly,
 From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house
 From the clasp of the knitted locks—from the keep of
 well closed doors,
 Let me be wafted
 Let me glide noiselessly forth
 With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper
 Set open the doors O Soul!

Tenderly! be not impatient!
 (Strong ■ your hold O mortal flesh
 Strong is your hold O love)

clerick Goddard Tuckerman, 1821-1873

TWO SONNETS

Young Silas Long a carter through these woods,
Went home one night in not the best of moods,
Having just seen a drowned man flung ashore
With a strange feather cap And once before,
When he was hauling seine in Southold Bay

Wondering he drove when lo across the way
He saw too late that there a body lay
Felt the wheels hit but could not stop his horse
Or not at once then—flinging with a slap
The old cloth cover down he called a cap—
Ran back ten steps or more and nothing found

Yes the dead pines and deersfoot on the ground —

With bits of seaweed sucking to the flux

And what what, what squealed like 'became of Long?
But the old man here rose and reached the tongs
Laid fire to his pipe and phew'd away

Emily Dickinson, 1830-1886

I TASTE A LIQUOR NEVER BREWED

I taste a liquor never brewed
From tankards scooped in pearl,
Not all the vats upon the Rhine
Yield such an alcohol!

Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling through endless summer days
From inns of molten blue

When landlords turn the drunken bee
Out of the foxglove's door,
When butterflies renounce their drams,
I shall but drink the more!

Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,
And saints to windows run,
To see the little tippler
Leaning against the sun!

I CANNOT LIVE WITH YOU

I cannot live with you,
It would be life,
And life is over there
Behind the shelf

The sexton keeps the key to,
Putting up
Our life, his porcelain,
Like a cup

Discarded of the housewife,
Quaint or broken
A newer Service please
Old ones crack

I could not die with you,
For one must wait
To shut the other's gaze down,—
You could not

And I, could I stand by
And see you freeze,
Without my right of frost,
Death's privilege?

Nor could I rise with you,
Because your face
Would put out Jesus',
That new grace

Glow plain and foreign
On my homesick eye,
Except that you, than he
Shone closer by

They'd judge us—how?
For you sated Heaven you know,
Or sought to,
I could not,

Because you saturated sight,
And I had no more eyes
For sordid excellence
As Paradise

And were you lost I would be,
Though my name
Rang loudest
On the heavenly fame

And were you saved
And I condemned to be
Where you were not
That self were hell to me

So we must keep apart
You there I here
With just the door ajar
That occurs are
And prayer
And that pale sustenance,
Despair!

Emily Dickinson, 1830-1886

I TASTE A LIQUOR NEVER BREWE

I taste a liquor never brewed
From tankards scooped in pearl,
Not all the vats upon the Rhine
Yield such an alcohol!

Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling through endless summer days
From inns of molten blue.

When landlords turn the drunken bee
Out of the foxglove's door,
When butterflies renounce their drams,
I shall but drink the more!

Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,
And saints to windows run,
To see the little tippler
Leaning against the sun!

I CANNOT LIVE WITH YOU

I cannot live with you,
It would be life,
And life is over there
Behind the shelf

The sexton keeps the key to,
Putting up
Our life, his porcelain,
Like a cup

Discarded of the housewife,
Quaint or broken,
A newer Sèvres pleases,
Old ones crack.

Pounce on his bruises,
One, say, or three
Grief is a gourmand,
Spun his luxury

Best grief is tongueless—
Before he'll tell,
Burn him in the public square,
His embers will,

Possible If they refuse
How then know,
Since a rack couldn't coax
A syllable now

THE LIGHTNING IS A YELLOW FORK

The lightning is a yellow fork
From tables on the sky
By inadvertent fingers dropped,
The awful cutlery

Of mansions never quite disclosed
And never quite concealed
The apparatus of the dark
To ignorance revealed

A WIFE AT DAWN

A wife at dawnbreak I shall be
Sunrise hast thou a flag for me?
At midnight I am yet a maid—
How short it takes to make a bride!
Then Midnight I have passed from thee
Unto the East and Victory

Midnight "Good night!"
I hear them call
The Angels bustle in the hall
Softly my Furner creaks and falls

REARRANGE A WIFE'S AFFECTION

Rearrange a wife's affection?
When they dislocate my brain,
Amputate my freckled bosom,
Make me bearded like a man!

Blush, my spirit, in thy fastness,

Love that never leaped its socket,
Trust entrenched in narrow pain,
Constancy through fire awarded,
Anguish bare of anodyne,

Burden borne so far triumphant
None suspect me of the crown,
For I wear the thorns till sunset,
Then my diadem put on

Big my secret but it's bandaged,
It will never get away
Till the day its weary keeper
Leads it through the grave to thee

GRIEF IS A MOUSE

Grief is a mouse,
And chooses wainscot in the breast
For his shy house,
And baffles quest

Grief is a thief,
Quick startled, pricks his ear
Report to hear of that vast dark
That swept his being back.

Grief is a juggler,
Boldest at the play,
Lest if he flinch,
The eye that way

One was a tattered monad called a poet
And with shrill voice ecstatic thus he sang
Oh the little female monad's lips!
Oh the little female monad's eyes
Ah, the little, little, female, female monad'

The last was a strong minded monadess,
Who dashed amid the infusoria,
Danced high and low, and wildly spun and dove
Till the dizzy others held their breath to see

But while they led their wondrous little lives
Atomian moments had gone wheeling by
The burning drop had shrunk with fearful speed
A glistening film—was gone the leaf was dry
The little ghost of an inaudible squeak
Was lost to the frog that gogged from his stone—
As down tread of a thoughtful ox
Each plunged

Cried Maclean—if the deer seek to cross to the burn,
thou turn them to me nor fail lest thy back be red as
thy hand

A hard-fortuned Hamish, half-blown of his breath with
the height of the hill,
as white in the face when the ten-tined buck and the
does

new-leaping to burn-ward huskily rose
shouts, and his nether lip twitched and his legs were
over-weak for his will

The deer dined lightly by Hamish and bounded away to
the burn

But Maclean never bating his watch tarried waiting below
Still Hamish hung heavy with fear for to go
in the space of an hour, then he went, and his face was
greenish and stern

And his eye sat back in the socket and shrunken the eye-
balls shone,

As withdrawn from a vision of deeds it were shame to see
Now now grim henchman what is't with thee?
Cried Maclean and his wrath rose red as a beacon the wind
hath upblown

Three does and a ten-tined buck made out spoke Hamish,
full mild

And I ran for in turn but my breath it was blown and
they passed

As weak for he called ere I broke me my fast
Cried Maclean Now a ten-tined buck in the sight of the
wife and the child

Had killed if the sluttish us kerna had not wrought me a
naughty wrong

Then he vounded and down came kinsmen and clansmen
all

Ten he waded ten times on his back let fall
And reckoned it he if the blood follow not at the bite of
thou

So Hamish made haste and took him his strokes at the last
he smiled

Then he turns; with a sea-lark's scream and a gibe,
and a song,
"So I will spare ye the child if, in sight of ye all,
blows on Maclean's bare back shall fall,
reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the bite
of the thong!"

Maclean he set hardly his tooth to his lip that his tooth
was red
Heed short for a space, said "Nay but it never shall
be!"
He hurl'd off the damnable hound in the sea!
His wife "Can Hamush go fish us the child from the
sea, if dead?"

"A'—Let them lash me Hamush?"—"Nay!"—"Husband,
the lashing will heal
Oh, who will heal me the bonny sweet bairn in his
grave?"
Would ye cure me my heart with the death of a knave?
O' Love! I will bare thee—so—kneel! Then Maclean
gan slowly to kneel

Never a word till presently downward he jerked to
the earth
Then the benchman—he that smote Hamush—would
tremble and lag
He baid quoth Hamush full stern from the crag
When he struck him "One!" sang Hamush and danced with
the child in his mirth

And no man spake beside Hamush he counted each stroke
with a song
When the last stroke fell then he moved him a pace down
the height,
And he held forth the child in the heart-aching sight
Of the mother and looked all piteous grave as repenting a
wrong

And there as the motherly arms stretched out with the
thanksgiving prayer—
And there as the mother crept up with a fearful swift pace,
Till her fingers nigh felt of the bairn's face—
On a sudden there Hamush turned round and lifted the child

sudden he turns with a sea hawk scream, and a gibe,
and a song,
"So I will spare ye the child if, in sight of ye all,

Maclean he set hardly his tooth to his lip that his tooth
was red
breathed short for a space, said 'Nay, but it never shall
be'
"let me hurl off the damnable hound in the sea!"
"the wife 'Can Hamish go fish us the child from the
sea, if dead?"

"Yes!—Let them lash me, Hamish?—Nay!"—"Husband,
the lashing will heal
But oh, who will heal me the bonny sweet bairn in his
grave?
Could ye cure me my heart with the death of a knave?
uck! Love! I will bore thee—so—kneel!" Then Maclean
'gan slowly to kneel

With never a word till presently downward he jerked
the earth
Then the henchman—he that smote Hamish—would
tremble and lag
"He, hard quoth Hamish full stern, from the crag
then he struck him One' sang Hamish, and danced with
the child in his mirth

And no man spake beside Hamish, he counted each stroke
with a song
When the last stroke fell then he moved him a pace down
the height,
And he held forth the child in the heart aching sight
Of the mother and looked all piteous grave as repenting a
wrong

And there as the motherly arms stretched out with the
thanksgiving prayer—

And sprang with the child in his arms from the
height in the sea,
Shrill screeching, 'Revenge' in the wind rush, and
Maclean,
Age-feeble with anger and impotent pain,
Crawled up on the crag, and lay flat, and locked his
dead roots of a tree—

And gazed hungrily o'er, and the blood from his back
dropped in the brine,
And a sea hawk flung down a skeleton fish as he flew
And the mother stared white on the waste of blue,
And the wind drove a cloud to seaward, and the sun began
to shine

William Vaughn Moody, 1869-1910

THE MENAGERIE

And God my brain is not inclined to cut
In capers every day I'm just about
Stagnant but then—There goes the tent-flap shut
In a in the wind I thought so every snout
Is twitching when the keeper turned me out

That screaming parrot makes my blood run cold
That trump' the big bull elephant
Pursues Rain to the parched herd The monkeys scold
And jabber that it's rain water they want
It makes me sick to see a monkey pant

It looks at home to us and make believe
In sober After this I stuck to beer
And drop the circus when the same folks leave
It may be a fool to look at things too near
They look back and begin to cut up queer

Bears do at any rate especially
Wild devils caged They have the coolest way
Of being something else than what you see
You pass a sleek young zebra nosing hay
A rhinoceros looking bored and drab—

And think you've seen a donkey and a bird
Not on your life just glance back if you dare
The zebra chews the rhinoceros hasn't stirred
But something's happened Heaven knows what or where
To freeze your scalp and pumpadour your hair

I'm not particularly in Arabian tune
Hear, in the wandering wind of sentiment,
But do you see it the ugliest meanest brute
Grunting and frowning in that sultry tent
Didn't just float me with embarrassment!

'Twas like a thunder-clap from out the clear—
One animal that were circus beasts some grand
Some ugly some amusing, and some queer

lighter? Why did all the daylight throb
soundless guffaw and dumb-stricken sob?

less I stood among those awful cages
beasts were walling loose, and I was bagged!
last product of the toiling ages,
of heroic feet that never lagged —
the man in trousers, slightly jagged

let me from such another jury!
Judgment Day will be a picnic to it
if mine was more dreadful than their fury,
I worst of all was just a kind of brute
just, and giving up and sinking mute

ural of the finest, adaptation
of all their other evolution terms
to omit one small consideration
was, that tumblebugs and anglenorms
ve souls there's soul in everything that squirms

d souls are restless, plagued, impatient things
i dream and unaccountable desire
anling but pestered with the thought of wings;
reaching through every inch of earth's old mire
usual hanker after something higher

ishes are horses as I understand
evens a useful polyp that has strokes
of feeling faint to gallivant on land
will come to be a scandal in his folks
ere he will sprout in spite of threats and jokes

and at the core of every life that crawls
It runs or flies or swims or vegetates—
burning the mammoth's heart blood in the galls
A shark and vicer plucking a quon's hates
Lighting the lives of evil for their mates

Yes in the dim hush of the jellied fish
That is and is not living—moved and started
From the beginning a mystery us with
A word a command a furl Word
The name of Man was uttered and they heard

Upward along the acorns of old war
He sought him wing and shank bone claw and bill
Was fastened and rejected wide and far

Anonymous

FINNIGAN'S WAKE

Irish American Vaudeville Tune, c. 1870

Finnigan lived in Waller Street
A gentleman mighty odd,
Beautiful brogue so rich and sweet,
None in the world he earned the bread
To see, he'd a sort of uppling way,
The love of the liquor poor Tim was born,
To help him on his work each day,
A drop of the cray that every morn

With my philaloo, hubbaboo whack hurroo, boys,
Didn't we sing till our jaws did ache
And shout and laugh and drink and sing,
Oh it's lots of fun at Finnigan's wake

morning Tim was rather full,
Head felt heavy which made him shake,
Fell from the ladder and broke his skull
They carried him home himself to wake
They laid him up in a nice clean sheet
And laid him out upon the bed
With a gallon of whiskey in his feet
And a barrel of pikes at his head

With my ph lall so hubl aboo whack hurroo boys,
Didn't we sing till our jaws did ache
And shout and laugh and drink and sing,
Oh it's lots of fun at Finnigan's wake

His friends assembled at the wake
And Finnigan called out for the lunch
And he brought in tea and cake
And pates and whiskey punch
And O'Brien began to cry
Such a pretty corpse she never did see
With Tim Macmurrian who did you die?
It's our cab said Paddy McGree

Edward Arlington Robinson, 1869-1935

EROS TURANNOS

She fears him and will always ask

What fated her to choose him,

She meets in his engaging mask

All reasons to refuse him

But what she meets and what she fears

Are less than an the downward years

Draw slowly to the foamless weirs

Of age, were she to lose him

Between a blurred sagacity

That once had power to sound him,

And Love that will not let him be

The Judas that she found him

Her pride assuages her almost

As if it were alone the cross —

He sees that he will not be lost

And waits and looks around him

A sense of ocean and old trees

Envelops and allures him

Tradition touching all he sees

Deceives and rearsures him

And all her doubts of what he says

Are dimmed with what she knows of days —

Till even prejudice delays

And lures and she secures him

The fall n, has inaugurates

The reign of her confusion

The ponding wave reverberates

The dirge of her illusion

And home where passion lived and died,

Becomes a place where she can hide

While all the sun and harbor side

Vibrate with her seclusion

We tell you sitting on our benches,

The story as it should be —

Stephen Crane, 1871-1900

WAR IS KIND

Do not weep maiden, for war is kind
Use your lover's three wild hands toward the sky
The affrighted steed ran on alone

Do not weep

War is kind

Hoarse booming drums of the regiment,
Little souls who thirst for fight

These men were born to drill and die

The unexplained glory flies above them

Great is the battle-god great and his kingdom—
A field where a thousand corpses lie

Do not weep babe for war is kind
Cause your father tumbled in the yellow trenches
Faced at his breast gulped and died

Do not weep

War is kind

Swift blazing flag of the regiment
Eagle with crest of red and gold

These men were born to drill and die

Print it on them the virtue of slaughter

Make plain to them the excellence of killing
And a field where a thousand corpses lie

Under whose heart hung humble as a button
On the bright plumed shroud of your son

Do not weep

War is kind

Stephen Crane, 1871-1900

WAR IS KIND

Do not weep maiden for war is kind
Because your lover threw wild hands toward the sky
And the affrighted steed ran on alone,

Do not weep
War is kind

Hoarse booming drums of the regiment,
Little souls who thirst for fight
These men were born to drill and die
The unexplained glory lies above them
Great is the battle god great and his kingdom—
A field where a thousand corpses lie

Do not weep babe for war is kind
Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches,
Raged at his breast gulped and died
Do not weep
War is kind

Swift blazing flag of the regiment
Eagle with crest of red and gold
These men were born to drill and die
Point for them the virtue of slaughter
Make plain to them the excellence of killing
And a field where a thousand corpses lie

Leather whose heart hung humble as a button
In the bright splendid shroud of your son
Do not weep
War is kind

STANZAS IN MEDITATION VI (194

Why am I if I am uncertain reasons may incline
Remain remain propose repose chose
I call carelessly that the door is open
Which if they can refuse to open
No one can rush to close
Let them be mine therefor
Everybody knows that I chose
Therefor if therefor before I close
I will therefor offer therefor I offer that
Which if I refuse to miss can be miss is mine
I will be well welcome when I come
Because I am coming
Certainly I come having come
These stanzas are done

Robert Frost, 1875-

AFTER APPLE PICKING

My long run-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree
Toward heaven still
And there's the barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough
But I am done with apple-picking now
Essence of winter sleep is on the night
The scent of apples I am drowsing off
I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight
I got from looking through a pane of glass
I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough
And held against the world of hoar grass
It melted and I let it fall and break
But I was well
Upon my way to sleep before it fell
And I could tell
What form my dreaming was about to take
Magnified apples appear and disappear
Stem end and blossom end
And every flock of rumbling thrumming clear
My steep arch now with keeps the ache
It keeps the pressure of a ladder's run
I feel the ladder wear in the bough's bend
And I keep hearing in the cellar bin
The rumbling sound
Of load on load of apples coming in
For I have had too much
Of apple picking, I am weary
Of the great harvest I myself desired
There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,
Cherish in hand, lift down and not let fall
For all
That struck the earth
No matter how I turned or spiked with stubble,
Went much to the cider apple heap
As I am with
Ourselves what will trouble
This heap of work whatever sleep it is.

Were he not gone,
The woodchuck could say whether it's like his
Long sleep as I describe its coming on,
Or just some human sleep

THE BLACK COTTAGE

That had gone out of it, the father first,
Then the two sons, till she was left alone
(Nothing could draw her after those two sons
She valued the considerate neglect
She had at some cost taught them after years)
I mean by the world's having passed it by—
As we almost got by this afternoon.
It always seems to me a sort of mark
To measure how far fifty years have brought us
Why not sit down if you are in no haste?
These doorsteps seldom have a visitor
The warping boards pull out their own old nails
With none to tread and put them in their place
She had her own idea of things the old lady
And she liked to talk. She had seen Garrison
And Whitwell and had her story of them
One wasn't long in learning that she thought
Whatever else the Civil War was for
It wasn't just to keep the States together
Nor just to free the slaves though it did both
She wouldn't have believed those ends enough
To have given aught for them all she gave
Her strong somehow touched the principle
That all men are created free and equal
—Not to hear her quaint phrases—so removed
From the world's view of all those things
That a hard master of Jefferson's
Why did he me n Of course the easy way
Is easier it's simple it's true
It may not be. He did a tell us we can
Put never mind the Whittier we it planted
Where it will stand for us a thousand years
Each one will have to reconsider it

TO EARTHWARD

Love at the lips was touch
As sweet as I could bear,
And once that seemed too much,
I lived on air

That crossed me from sweet things,
The flow of—was it musk
From hidden grapevine springs
Down hill at dusk

I had the swirl and ache
From sprays of honeysuckle
That when they're gathered shake
Dew on the knuckle

I craved strong sweets but those
Seemed strong when I was young,
The petal of the rose
It was that stung

Love no joy but lacks salt
That is not dashed with pain
And weariness and fault
I crave the stain

Of tears the aftermath
Of almost too much love,
The sweet of butter bark
And burning clove

When stiff and sore and scarred
I take as if my hand
From leaning on it hard
In grass and sand

The hurt is not enough
I live for weight and strength
I feel the earth as rough
To all my length

Anonymous

COCAINE LIL

Chicago-Detroit, late Nineteenth Century

Did you ever hear about Cocaine Lil?
She lived in Cocaine town on Cocaine hill,
She had a cocaine dog and a cocaine cat,
They fought all night with the cocaine rat
She had cocaine hair on her cocaine head
She wore a snow bird hat and sleigh-riding clothes.
She had a cocaine dress that was poppy red
On her coat she wore a crimson, cocaine rose.
A gold chariot on the Milky Way,
Snakes and elephants silver and gray
O the cocaine blues they make me sad,
O the cocaine blues make me feel bad
Lil went to a snow party one cold night,
And the way she sniffed was sure a fright
There was Hophead Mag with Dopey Slim,
Kankakee Liz with Yen Shee Jim
There was Hashbush Nell and the Poppy Face Kid,
Climbed up on ladders and down they slid,
There was Stepladder but he stood six feet
And the Sleigh-riding Sisters that are hard to beat.
Along in the morning about half past three
They were all in up like a Christmas tree
Lil got home and started to go to bed,
Took up that stuff and it knocked her dead
They laid her out in her cocaine clothes
She wore a snow bird hat and a crimson rose,
On her tombstone you will find this refrain
"She did it while lived sniffing cocaine"

DEPARTMENTAL

An ant on the table cloth
 Ran into a dormant moth
 Of many times his size
 He showed not the least surprise
 His business wasn't with such
 He gave it a much touch
 And was off on his duty run
 Yet if he encountered me
 Of the have enquiring just
 Whose work it found it could
 And the nature of the
 He would put him to it
 Ants are a curious race
 One crossing with the other
 The body of the other
 Isn't given a moment's rest
 Seem not to enquire at all
 But he no doubt is part
 With whom I am
 And they no doubt are
 To the higher of the
 Then word of the
 Death's come to Jerry Mc
 Our selfish heads
 Will the special man
 Whose office it is to
 The dead of the
 Go bring him home
 Lay him in state
 Wrap him for the
 Embalms him with
 This is the word
 And presently he
 Appears solemn
 And taking for himself
 With feelers and
 Seizes the dead body
 And heaving him
 Carries him out of it
 No one stands to see
 It is nobody else's affair
 It couldn't be called in
 But how thoroughly dead

Anonymous

COCAINE LIL

Chicago-Detroit, late Nineteenth Century

Did you ever hear about Cocaine Lil?
She lived in Cocaine town on Cocaine hill,
She had a cocaine dog and a cocaine cat,
They fought all night with the cocaine rat.

She had cocaine hair on her cocaine head
She wore a snow bird hat and sleigh riding clothes.
She had a cocaine dress that was poppy red
On her coat she wore a crimson cocaine rose

Big gold chains on the Milky Way
Snakes and elephants silver and gray
O the cocaine blues they make me sad
O the cocaine blues make me feel bad.

Lil went to a snow party one cold night,
and the way she snuffed was sure a fright.
There was Hophead Mag with Dopey Slim,
Kinkadee Liz with Yen Shee Jim.

There was Hashheesh Nell and the Poppy Face Bud,
Climbed up in ladders and down they slid
There was Snopladder hat he's over six feet
And the Sleighriding Sisters that are hard to beat.

Coming in the morning about half past three
They were all lit up like a Christmas tree
Lil went in and started to go to bed
Lil's nose went off and it knocked her dead

They took her out in her cocaine clothes
With a snow bird hat and a crimson rose
They thought she was still find this refrain
She had a she had snuffed cocaine

• a nise and the sun sets in her eyes
 • her steady and her heart went pat a pat
 • took away the money for a prize waltz at a Brotherhood
 dance
 • had eyes she was safe as the bridge over the Mississippi
 at Burlington I married her
 summer we took the cushions going west.
 • s Peak is a big old stone believe me
 I've ended down something you can count on
 going to come out all right—do you know?
 • sun the birds, the grass—they know
 I get along—and we'll get along

SINGING NIGGER

ur bonny head Jazbo O dock walloper
 ur grappling hooks those wheelbarrow handlers
 be dome and the wings of you nigger
 be red roof and the door of you
 w where ur songs came from
 now why God listens to your "Walk All Over God's
 Heaven"
 • and you shoot ng craps "My baby's going to have a new
 dress"
 • and you in the cinders I'm going to live anyhow until
 I die"
 ur fire of you with a can of beer on a summer night and
 I'll tend to the fire of you harmonizing six ways
 to sing "Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield"
 • a way a k ng where I come from

Eagle countenance in sharp relief,
Beard a flying air of high command
Unabated in that holy land

(Sweet flute music)

Jesus came from out the court house door,
Stretch'd his hands above the passing poor
For he saw not, but led his queer ones there
Round and round the mighty court house square
Then in an instant all that bleat review
March'd on spotless clad in raiment new
The lame were straightened withered limbs uncurled
And blind eyes opened on a new sweet world

(Bass drums louder)

Drats and vrens in a flash made whole!
Gone was the weasel head the snout the jow!
Sages and slyls now and athletes clean
Rulers of empires and of forests green!

(Grand chorus of all instruments Tambourines to the foreground)

The hosts were sandalled and their wings were fire!
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
Put their noise played havoc with the angel-choir
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
Oh shout Salvation! It was good to see
Kings and Princes by the Lamb set free
The banjos rattled and the tambourines
Jug jug jingled in the hands of Queens

(Reverently sung no instruments)

And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer
He saw his Master thro' the flag filled air
Christ came gently with a robe and crown
For forth the soldier while the throng knelt down
He saw King Jesus They were face to face
And he knelt a weeping in that holy place
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Eagle countenance in sharp relief,
Bent a flying arc of high command
Unabated in that holy land.

(Sweet flute music.)

(Bass drum louder)

you!

and chorus of all instruments Tambourines to the
(foreground)

The hosts were saddled and their wings were fire!

hour.

kings and Princes in the Lamb set free
The banjos railed and the tambourines
jing jing jingled in the hands of Queens

(Reverently sang no instruments)

down

And he knelt a weeping in that holy place
Ate you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

They were charged with jail, for they had no kale,
And the judge said, "Sixty days in jail"
But the john had a bundle—a workers' plea—
They gave him a flogger and set him free

They had turned him out but ditched his mate,
So he glommed the guts of an east bound freight
He had held his form to a rusty rod
Till he heard the shack say "Hit the sod!"

The john rolled off, he was in the duck
With two switch lamps and a rusty switch—
A poor old seedy half-starved bo
On a hostile pike without a show

From away off somewhere in the dark
Came the sharp short notes of a coyote's bark
That 'bo looked round and quickly rose
And shook the dust from his threadbare clothes

Far off in the west in the moonlit night
He saw the gleam of a big head light—
An east bound stock run hummed the rail
It was due at the switch to clear the mail

As it pulled up close the head-end shack
Threw the switch to the passing track
The stock rolled in and off the main
The line was clear for the west bound train

As she hove in sight far up the track
She was working steam with her brake-shoes slack
She whistled once at the whistling post
Then she fluttered by like a frightened ghost

He could hear the roar of the big six wheel
As the drivers pruned the polished steel
And the screech of the flanges on the rail
As she beat it west up the desert trail

The john got busy and took the risk
He climbed aboard and began to frisk
He reached up high and began to feel
For the end-door pin—then he cracked the seal

It is a double-decker loaded with sheep
Old john crawled in and went to sleep
The con high-balled and she whistled out—
in the Gila Monster Route

Wallace Stevens, 1879--

THIRTEEN WAYS OF LOOKING
AT A BLACKBIRD

I

Among twenty snowy mountains
The only moving thing
Was the eye of the blackbird

II

I was of three minds
Like a tree
In which there are three blackbirds

III

The blackbird whirled in the autumn winds
It was a small part of the pantomime

IV

A man and a woman
Are one
A man and a woman and a blackbird
Are one

V

I do not know which to prefer
The beauty of inflections
Or the beauty of innuendoes
The blackbird whistling
Or just after

VI

Icicles filled the long window
With barbaric glass
The shadow of the blackbird
Crossed it to and fro
The mood
Traced in the shadow
An indecipherable cause

VII

O thin men of Haddam
 Why do you imagine golden birds?
 Do you not see how the blackbird
 Walks around the feet
 Of the women about you?

VIII

I know noble accents
 And lucid inescapable rhythms
 But I know too
 That the blackbird is involved
 In what I know

IX

When the blackbird flew out of sight,
 It marked the edge
 Of one of many circles

X

At the sight of blackbirds
 Flying in a green light
 Even the bands of euphony
 Would cry out sharply

XI

He rode over Connecticut
 In a glass coach
 Once a fear perched him
 In that he mistook
 The shadow of his equipage
 For blackbirds.

XII

The river is moving
 The blackbird must be flying

XIII

It was evening, all afternoon
 It was snowing
 And it was going to snow
 The blackbird sat
 In the cedar limbs

IT MUST BE ABSTRACT

I am the spouse She took her necklace off
And laid it in the sand As I am, I am
The spouse She opened her stone-studded belt

I am the spouse divested of bright gold,
The spouse beyond emerald or amethyst,
Beyond the burning body that I bear

I am the woman stripped more nakedly
Than nakedness standing before an inflexible
Order, saying I am the contemplated spouse

Speak to me that which spoken will array me
In its own only precious ornament
Set on me the spirit's diamond coronal

Clothe me entire in the final filament,
So that I tremble with such love so known
And myself am precious for your perfecting

William Carlos Williams, 1883-

HOW STRANGE YOU ARE -

From Paterson

How strange you are you idiot!
So you think because the rose
Is red that you shall have the mastery?
The rose is green and will bloom
overtopping you green livid
green when you shall no more speak or
taste or even be. A whole life
was hung too long upon a partial victory
But creature of the weather I
don't want to go any faster than
I have to go to win

Music it for yourself

He picked a harpin from the floor
and stuck it in his ear probing
around inside—

The melting snow
dripped from the cornice by his window
9 strokes a minute—

He descried
in the linoleum at his feet a woman's
face smelled his hands
strong of a lotion he had used
not long since lavender
rilled his thumb

about the tip of his left index finger
and watched it dip each time
like the head

of a cat licking its paw heard the
faint hissing sound it made of
earth his ears are full there is no sound

And his thoughts soared
to the magnificence of imagined delights
where he would probe

as into the pupil of an eye
as through a hoop of fire, and emerge
sheathed in a robe

streaming with light What heroic
dawn of desire
is denied to his thoughts?

They are trees
from whose leaves streaming with rain
his mind drinks of desire

TRACT

I will teach you my townspeople
how to perform a funeral—
for you have it over a troop
of artists—
unless one should scour the world—
you have the ground sense necessary

See! the hearse leads
I begin with a design for a hearse
For Christ's sake not black—
nor white either—and not polished!
Let it be weathered—like a farm wagon—
with gilt wheels (this could be
applied fresh with small expense)
or no wheels at all
a rough drag to drag over the ground

Knock the glass out!
My God—glass my townspeople!
For what purpose? Is it for the dead
to look out or for us to see
how well he is housed or to see
the flowers or the luck of them—
or what?

To keep the rain and snow from him?
He will have a heavier rain soon
pebbles and dirt and what not
Let there be no glass—
and no upholstery! plow!
and no little brass rollers
and small easy wheels on the bottom—
my townspeople what are you thinking of?

A rough plain hearse then
with gilt wheels and no top at all
On this the coffin lies
by its own weight

No wreaths please—
especially no hot house flowers!
Some common memento is better
something he prized and is known by
his old clothes—a few books perhaps—
God knows what! You realize
how we are about these things,
my townspeople—
something will be found—anything—
even flowers if he had come to that.
So much for the hearse

For heaven's sake though see to the driver!
Take off the silk hat! In fact
that's no place at all for him
up there unceremoniously
dragging our friend out to his own dignity!
Bring him down—bring him down!
Low and inconspicuous! I'd not have him ride
on the wagon at all—damn him—
the undertaker's undersrapper!
Let him hold the reins
and walk at the side
and inconspicuously too

Then briefly as to yourselves
Walk behind—as they do in France
seventh class or if you ride
I'll take curtains. Go with some show
of inconvenience in open air—
to the weather as to grief
Or do you think you can shut grief in?
What—from us? We who have perhaps
nothing to lose? Share with us
share with us—it will be money
in your pockets

Go now
I think you are ready

His feet were used to treading a gale
And balancing thereon,
His face was brown as a foreign sail
Threadbare against the sun

His arms were thick as hickory logs
Whirled to little wrists
Strong as the teeth of terrier dogs
Were the fingers of his fists

Within his arms I feared to sink
Where lions shook their manes,
And dragons drawn in azure ink
Leapt quickened by his veins

Dreadful his strength and length of limb
As the sea to foundering ships,
I dipped my hands in love for him
No deeper than their tips

But our palms were welded by a flame
The moment we came to part
And on his knuckles I read my name
Enrolled within a heart

And something made our wills to band
As wild as mists blown over
We were no longer friend and friend,
But only lover and lover

"In seven weeks or seven years—
God grant it may be sooner—
I'll make a handkerchief for your tears
From the sails of my captain's schooner

"We'll wear our loves like wedding rings
Long polished to our touch
We shall be busy with other things
And they cannot bother us much

When you are skimming the wrinkled cream
And your ring clinks on the pan
You'll sit to yourself in a pensive dream,
How wonderful a man

When I am slitting a fish's head
And my ring clinks on the knife
I'll say with thank, as a prayer is said
How beautiful a wife'

"And I shall fold my decorous paws
In velvet smooth and deep,
Like a kitten that covers up its claws
To sleep and sleep and sleep

"Like a little blue pigeon you shall bow
Your bright alarming crest,
In the crook of my arm you'll lay your bro
To rest and rest and rest "

Will he never come back from Barnegat
With thunder in his eyes,
Treading as soft as a tiger cat,
To tell me terrible lies?

Ezra Pound, 1885—

LYRICS

From Hugh Selwyn Mauberley

L'ŒOE POUR L'ELECTION DE SON SEPULCHRE

For three years out of key with his time,
He strove to resuscitate the dead art
Of poetry to maintain the sublime—
In the old sense Wrong from the start—

No hardly but seeing he had been born
In a half-savage country out of date
Sent resolutely on winging lies from the acorn,
Capaneus, trout for factious bait

'Huei t'ap t'ou t'ap to in T'ou
Caught in the unstopped ear
Giving the rocks small lee way
The chopped seas held him therefore that year

His true Penelope was Flaubert
He fished by obscene isles
Observed the elegance of Circe's hair
Rather than the mottoes on sun-dials

Unaffected by the march of events,
He passed from men's memory in l'an trentiesme
De son age the case presents
No adjunct to the Muses diadem

II

The age demanded an image
Of its accelerated grimace
Something for the modern stage
Not at any rate an Attic grace

Not not certainly the obscure reveries
Of the inward gaze
Better mendacities
Than the classics in paraphrase!

The age demanded chiefly a mould in plaster,
Made with no loss of time
A prose linema not not assuredly alabaster
Or the sculpture of rhyme

III

The tea rose tea gown etc
Supplants the mousseline of Cos
The pianola replaces
Sappho's barbitos

Christ follows Dionysus
Phyllis and ambrosia
A side way for macerations
Caliban casts out Ariel

All things are a flowing
Sage Heraclitus says
But a tawdry cheapness
Shall outlive our days

Even the Christian beauty
Defects—after Sappho
We are told
Decreed in the market place

Faun's flesh is not to us
Nor the saint's vision
We have the press for niter
Franchise for circumcision

All men in law are equals
Free of Pisanus
We choose a knave or an eunuch
To rule over us

O bright Apollo
τίς ἀνδρᾶς τίς ἥρωα τίνα θεῶν
What god man or hero
Shall I place a tin wreath upon!

IV

These fought in any case
and some believing
pro domo in any case

Some quick to arm,
some for adventure,
some from fear of weakness,
some from fear of censure,
some for love of slaughter, in imagination,
learning later . . .
some in fear learning love of slaughter,

Died some, pro patria,
non "dulce" non et decor" .
walked eye-deep in hell
believing in old men's lies, then unbelieving
came home home to a lie,
home ■ many deceptions
home to old lies and new infamy
worn, age-old and age thick
and lies in public places

Dining as never before wastage as never before
Young blood and high blood,
fair cheeks and fine bodies
fornication ■ never before

frankness as never before
disillusions as never told in the old days,
hysterical trench confessions
laughter out of dead bellies

V

There died a myriad
And of the best among them
For an old bitch gone in the teeth
For a betched civilization

Charm, smiling at the good mouth
Quick eyes gone under earth's lid

For two gross of broken statues,
For a few thousand battered books

☆ ☆ ☆

Emerson (1919)

Go dumb lorn book
Tell her that sang me once that song of Laurees
Hadst thou but song
As thou hast subjects known,

Then were there cause in thee that should
Even my faults that heavy upon me lie,
And build her glories their longevity

Tell her that sheds
Such treasure in the air
Recking naught else but that her graces give
Life to the moment
I would bid them live
As roses might in magic amber laid
Red overtrought with orange and all made
One substance and one colour
Braving time

Tell her that goes
With song upon her lips
But sings not out the song nor knows
The maker of it some other mouth
May be as fair as hers
Might in new ages gain her worshippers
When our two dusts with Waller's shall be laid
Siftings on siftings in oblivion
Till change hath broken down
All things save Beauty alone

CANTO XLV

With Usura

With usury hath no man a house of good stone
Each block cut smooth and well fitting
that design might cover their face,
with usura
hath no man a painted paradise on his church wall
harps et luthes
or where virgin receiveth message
and halo projects from vision
with Usura
seeth
no

ubines

Wh usura the line grows thick
Wh usura ■ no clear demarcation
and no man can find site for his dwelling
Sere curer is kept from his stone
w er is kept from his loom

TH USURA

ol comes not to market
ep bringeth no gain with usura
ura is a mutrain, usura
uoth the needle in the maid's hand
id's oppeth the spinner's cunning Pietro Lombardo
am not by usura
ucco came not by usura
r Piet della Francesca, Zuan Bellin' not by usura
x was La Calunnia' painted
ame not by usura Angelico, came not Ambrogio Praedis,
we no church of cut stone signed *Adamo me fecit*
et by usura St Trophime
et by usura Saint Hilaire
lura rusteth the chisel
: rusteth the craft and the craftsman
: gnaweth the thread in the loom
ome leameh to weave gold in her pattern
pure hath a canker by usura cramoisi is unbrodered
merald findeth no Mernling
Isura slaveth the child in the womb
t :raveth the young man's courting
t hath brought palsey to bed heth
etween the young bride and her bridegroom

CONTRA NATURAM

They have brought whores for Eleusis
J types are set to banquet
u behest of usura

Then were there cause in thee that should con
Even my faults that heavy upon me lie,
And build her glories their longevity

Tell her that sheds
Such treasure in the air
Recking naught else but that her graces give
Life to the moment
I would bid them live
As roses might in magic amber laid
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or where virgin receiveth message
and halo projects from incision
with usura
seeth no man Gonzaga his heirs and his concubine
no picture is made to endure nor to live with
but it is made to sell and sell quickly
with usura sin against nature
is thy bread ever more of stale rags
is thy bread dry as paper
with no mountain where no strong flour

Marianne Moore, 1887-

THE FISH

wade

through black jade

Of the crow blue mussel-shells one

keeps

adjusting the ash heaps

opening and shutting itself like

red fan

the barnacles which encrust the side

of the wave cannot hide

there for the submerged shafts of

the

un

split like spun

glass move themselves with sunlight

swiftness

into the crevices—

in and out illuminating

the

turquoise sea

of bodies. The water drives a wedge

of iron through the iron edge

of the cliff whereupon the stars

pink

are as no ink

be patterned with fish crabs like green

hills and volcanoes

adjust each on the other

All

external

marks of abuse are present on this

defiant edifice—

—the physical features of

Marianne Moore, 1887-

THE FISH

wade

through black jade

Of the cream blue mussel-shells, one

keeps

adjusting the ash heaps

opening and shutting itself like

an

injured fan

The barnacles which encrust the side

of the wave cannot hide

there for the submerged shafts of

the

sun

split like spun

glass, move themselves with spotlight

swiftness

into the crevices—

in and out illuminating

the

varquose sea

of bodies. The water drives a wedge

of iron through the iron edge

of the cliff whereupon the stars

pink

rice grains ink

hepatized jelly fish crabs like green

lilies and submarine

roadstones slide each on the other

All

external

marks of abuse are present on this

defiant edifice—

—“A” physical features of

It tears off the veil, tears
the temptation, the
rust the heart wears,
from its eyes,—if the heart
has a face; it takes apart
dejection. It's fire in the dove-neck's
indescence, in the
inconsistencies
of *Scarlatu*

Unconfusion submits
its confusion to proof, it's
not a Herod's oath that cannot change.

ual to man and no other animal, cruelty and filth and
superstition, grained in man's making

III

ge darkens Europe mixes her cups of death, all the
little Caesars hidget on their thrones,
old wound opens its clotted mouth to ask for new
wounds Men will fight through men have tough
hearts

will fight through to the autumn flowering and ordered
prosperity They will lift their heads in the great
■ ■ ■

e empire and say "Freedom? Freedom was a fire We
are well quit of freedom, we have found pros-
perity

will say "Where now are the evil prophets?" Thus
for a time in the age's afterglow the sterile time
the wounds drain the freedom has died slowly the
machines break down slowly the wilderness re-
turns

IV

distant future children going down to the foot of the
mountain the new barbarism the night of time
in your own dead if you remember them but not for
civilization not for our scuttled futures

are saved from being little entrails feeding large brains
you are saved from being little empty bundles of
enjoyment

are not to be fractional supported people but complete
men you will guard your own heads you will have
proud eyes

will stand among the spears when you meet life will
be lovely and terrible again great and in earnest
will know hardship hunger and violence these are
not the evils what power can save you from the
real evils

barbarism? What poet will be born to tell you to hate
then th

HELLENISTICS

I look at the Greek-derived design that nourished my
fancy—thus Wedgwood copy of the Portland vase
Someone had given it to my father—my eyes at five ye
old used to devour it by the hour

I look at a Greek coin four-drachma piece struck by L
machus young Alexander's head

With the horns of Ammon and brave brow ridges the boy
pride and immortal youth and wild sensitiveness

I think of Achilles Supho the Nike I think of those m
cenaries who marched in the heart of Asia

And lived to salute the sea the lean faces like lance head
the grace of panthers The dull welter of Asia

I am past childhood I look at this ocean and the fish
birds the streaming skimmers the shining water

The foam heads the exultant down light going west
pelicans their huge wings half folded plunge
like stones

Whatever it catches my heart in its hands whatever it
makes me shudder with love

And painful joy and the tears prickles the Greeks we
not inventors The Greeks were not the invent

Of shining clarity and jewel sharp form and the beauty
God He was free with men before the Greeks
came

He is here naked on the shining water Every eye that h
a man's nerves behind it has known him

II

I think of the dull welter of Asia I think of equatorial swamps
along the Congo the natural

Condition of man that makes one way of all beasts The
are not contemptible Man is contemptible I see

The squalor of our own frost bitten forefathers I will praise
the Greeks for having pined down the shining
three vices

Demands what victim? The dykes of red lava and black
 what Titan? The hills like pointed flames
 and Soberanes the terrible peaks of the bare hill,
 under the sun what immolation?
 is coast crying out for tragedy like all beautiful places
 and like the passionate spirit of humanity
 in for its bread Gods, many victims the painful
 deaths, the horrible transfigurements I said in
 my heart
 enter went than suffer imagine victims
 st your own flesh be chosen the agonist or you
 any some creature to the beauty of the place And I
 said

Men sacrifices once a year to magic
 error away from the house this little house here
 we have built over the ocean with your own hands
 beside the standing boulders for what are we
 the beast that walks upright with speaking lips
 and little hair to think we should always be fed
 sheltered intact, and self-controlled We sooner more
 liable

Than the other animals. Pain and terror the insanities of
 desire not accidents but essential
 and crowd up from the core I imagined victims for
 those wolves I made them phantoms to follow
 They have hunted the phantoms and missed the house
 It is not good to forget over what gulfs the spirit
 Of the beauty of humanity the petal of a lost flower
 blown seaward by the night wind floats to its
 quietness

III

Boulders blunted like an old bear's teeth break up from
 the headland below them
 All the soil is thick with shells the tide-rock feasts of a
 dead people
 Here the granite flanks are scarred with ancient fire, the
 ghosts of the tribe
 Crouch in the nights beside the ghost of a fire then try
 to remember the sunlight
 Luck has faded out of their skies These have paid some-
 thing for the future
 Luck of the country while we living keep old griefs in
 ———— the Gods

John Crow e Ransom, 1888--

PHILOMELA

st, Philomela, and Itylus,
names are liquid your improbable tale
oted in the classic numbers of the nightingale
but our numbers are not felicitous,
es not liquidly for us

bed on a Roman ilex and duly apostrophized,
nightingale descanted unto Ovid
has even appeared to the Teutons, the swilled and
gravid
fontainebleau it may be the bird was gallicized,
er was she baptized

England came Philomela with her pain,
ing the hawk her husband querulous ghost
wanders when he sits heavy on his roost,
ers herself in the original again
e untranslatable refrain

2 to these shores she came! thus other Thrace,
iron barbarous to the royal Attic
m could her delicate darge run democratic
liered in a cloudless boundless public place
an inordinate race?

emocratized with the Oxford students once
d in the quadrangles in the cloisters on the Cher,
ecaciously knocked at antique doors apr
tuously touched the hems of the hierophants,
ck of my dissonance

went out to Bagley Wood I climbed the hill
ren the moon had darted off in a twinkling
heard the sepulchral owl and a few bells unking,
here was no more villainous day so unfulfil
he dion & was still

Envy is not a likely fountain of ruin, to forget evils
 down
 Sudden reminders from the cloud remembered deaths
 our redeemers,
 Imagined victims our salvation white as the half moon
 at midnight
 Someone flamelike passed me, saying, 'I am Tamar Cal
 well, I have my desire,'
 Then the voice of the sea returned, when she had g
 by the stars to their towers
 Beautiful country burn again, Point Pinos down to
 Sur Rivers
 Burn as before with bitter wonders, land and ocean
 the Carmel water

IV

He brays humanity in a mortar to bring the savor
 From the bruised root a man having bid dreams, w
 invents victims is only the use of that God
 He washes it out with tears and many waters, calcines
 with fire in the red crucible,
 Deforms it, makes it horrible to itself the spirit flies
 and strnds naked, he sees the spirit,
 He takes it in the naked ecstasy it breaks in his hat
 the atom is broken, the power that missed it
 Cries to the power that moves the stars, "I have co
 home to myself behold me
 I bruised myself in the flint mortar and burnt me
 In the red shell I tortured myself, I flew forth,
 Stood naked of myself and broke me in fragments,
 And here am I moving the stars that are me.
 I have seen these ways of God I know of no reason
 For fire and change and torture and the old returning
 He being sufficient might be still I think they admit r
 reason, they are the ways of my love
 Unmeasured power, incredible passion enormous stati
 no thought apparent but burns darkly
 Smothered with its own smoke in the human brain-va
 no thought outside a certain measure in p
 nomena
 The fountains of the boiling stars the flowers on the far
 land, the ever returning rows of dawn

John Crowe Ransom, 1888--

PHILOMELA

rene Philomela, and Itylus,
our names are liquid } our improbable tale
receded in the classic numbers of the nightingale
i, but our numbers are not felicitous
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rted on a Roman dier and duly apostrophized
he nightingale descanted unto Ovid
■ has even appeared ■ the Teutons the swilled and
grand
Fontainebleau it may be the bird was gallicized,
ever was she baptized

England came Philomela with her pain
wing the hawk, her husband querulous ghost
wanders when he sits heavy on his roost,
stern herself in the original again
he untranslatable refrain

let to these shores she came this other Thrace,
murder barbarous to the royal Atre
how could her delicate dirge run democratic
belivered in a cloudless boundless public place
to an inordinate race?

permeated with the Oxford students once
laid in the quadrangles in the cloisters on the Cher,
heavily knocked at antique doors ajar
tightly touched the hems of the hierophants,
lack of my dissonance

went out to Bagley Wood I climbed the hill
Even the moon had slanted off in a twinkling
heard the sepulchral owl and a few bells tinkling
here was no more villainous day to unfold
the dawn it was still

T S Eliot, 1888-

THE BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT

aders of the Boston Evening Transcript
n the wind like a field of ripe corn

evening quickens faintly in the street,
ming the appetites of life in some

others bringing the Boston Evening Transcript
unt the steps and ring the bell turning
only as one would turn to nod good bye to Rochefou

could
the street were time and he at the end of the street
nd I say "Cousin Hamet here is the Boston Evening
Transcript

THE LOVE SONG OF J ALFRED PRUFROCK

*Sio credesse che mia risposta fosse
A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,
Questa fiamma stia senza più scosse
Ma perciocchè giammai di questo fondo
Non torno into alcun sìodo il vero,
Sen-a tema d'infamia ti rispondo*

us go then you and I
hen the evening is spread out against the sky
like a patient etherised upon a table
us go through certain half-deserted streets,
he muttering retreats
A restless night in one night cheap hotels
And loud restaurants with oyster-shells
Streets that toll w like a tedious argument
Of madhus intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question
Oh do not ask "What is it?"
and make our visit.

I know the voices dying with a dying fall
I hear the music from a farther room
So how should I presume?

I have known the eyes already, known them all—
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a run
Then I am pinned and wriggling on the wall
Then how should I begin
To put out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?
And how should I presume?

I have known the arms already, known them all—
The arms that are braceleted and white and bare
But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!
Then how should I presume
To make me so digest?
The man that lies along a table or wrap about a shawl
And should I then presume?
And how should I begin?



Shall I say I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves leaning out of win-
dows?

I should have been a part of ragged claws
Striding across the floors of silent seas



And the afternoon the evening sleeps so peacefully!
Smoothed by long fingers,
Asleep—tired—or it malingers
Stretched on the floor here beside you and me
Should I after tea and cakes and ices
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?
But though I have wept and fasted wept and prayed
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald)
Brought in upon a platter

I am no prophet—and here's no great matter
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat and
smuck

And I in short I was afraid

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
 I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the
 beach.
 I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each
 I do not think that they will sing to me
 I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
 Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
 When the wind blows the water white and black
 We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
 By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
 Till human voices wake us, and we drown

DIFFICULTIES OF A STATESMAN

CR) what shall I cry?
 All Bosh is laws comprehending
 The Companions of the Bath the Knights of the British
 Empire the Cavaliers
 O Cavaliers of the Law in of Honor
 The Order of the Black Eagle 1st and 2nd class)
 And the Order of the Rising Sun
 CR) what shall I cry
 The first thing to do is to turn the committee
 The consultative councils the standing committees select
 committees and sub-committees
 One secretary will do for several committees
 What shall I cry
 Arthur Edward Cyril Parker is appointed telephone
 officer
 At a salary of one pound ten a week rising by annual
 increments of five shillings
 To ten pounds ten a week with a bonus of thirty shillings
 at Christmas
 And now what shall I cry
 A committee has been appointed to nominate a committee
 to nominate a committee
 To nominate the War Supply
 Committee
 For the War Supply Committee the question of rebuilding the
 front line
 A committee has been appointed
 to the War Supply Committee

And would it have been worth it after all,
After the cups the marmalade, the tea,
Among the porcelain among some talk of you and me
Would it have been worth while
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,
To say "I am Lazarus come from the dead
Come back to tell you all I shall tell you all"—
If one settling a pillow by her head
Should say "That is not what I meant at all
That is not it at all

And would it have been worth it after all
Would it have been worth while
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprail
streets
After the novels after the teacups after the skirts
trail along the floor—
And this and so much more?—
It is impossible to say just what I mean!
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns
a screen
Would it have been worth while
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
And turning toward the window should say
"That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant, at all"



No! I am not Prince Hamlet nor was meant to
Am an attendant lord one that will do
To swell a progress start a scene or two,
Advise the prince, no doubt, an easy tool,
Deferential glad to be of use,
Politick, cautious, and meticulous
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse,
At times indeed, almost ridiculous—
Almost at times, the Fool

I grow old . . . I grow old
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled

LINES FOR AN OLD MAN

The tiger in the tiger pit
Is not more irritable than I
The whipping tail is not more still
Than when I smell the enemy
Nothing in the essential blood
^ dangling from the friendly tree
When I lay bare the tooth of wit
He hissing over the arched tongue
; more affectionate than hate
; fore bitter than the love of youth,
And inaccessible by the young
Reflected from my golden eye
The dullard knows that he is mad
Tell me if I am not glad!

About perpetual peace the fletcher and javelin make
and smiths

I have appointed a joint committee to protest against
reduction of orders

Meanwhile the guards shake dice on the marches
And the frogs (O Mantuan) croak in the marshes
Fireflies flare against the faint sheet lightning
What shall I cry?

Mother mother

Here is the row of family portraits dingy busts all k
ing remarkably Roman

Remarkably like each other lit up successively by
flare

Of a sweaty torchbearer yawning

O hidden under the Hidden under the

Where the dove's foot rested and locked for a moment

A still moment repose of noon set under the up
branches of noon's widest tree

Under the breast feathers stirred by the small wind at
noon

There the cyclamen spreads its wings there the clem
droops over the lintel

O mother (not among these busts all correctly inscrib
I a tired head among these heads

Necks strong to bear them

Noses strong to break the wind

Mother

May we not be some time almost now together

If the mactations immolations oblations impetrations
Are now observed

May we not be

O hidden

Hidden in the stillness of noon in the silent croak
night

Come with the sweep of the little bat's wing with
small flare of the firefly or lightning bug

Rising and falling crowned with dust, the small cr
tures

The small creatures chirp thinly through the d
through the night

O mother

What shall I cry?

We demand a committee a representative committee

to recall the address now of the Imagists?)
The naked man has always his own nakedness
For he remember forever his live limbs

They may drive him out of the camps but one will take
him

They may stop his tongue on his teeth with a rope's argu-
ment—

He will be in a house and be warm when they are shak-
ing

Teaches Tolanshch how to embrace an army?

How to take to one's chamber a million souls?

How to conceive in the name of a column of marchers?

The things of the poet are done to a man alone

As the things of love are done—or of death when he hears
the

Sep withdraw on the stair and the clock tick only

Neither his class nor his kind nor his trade may come near
him

There where he lies on his left arm and will die

Not his class nor his kind nor his trade when the blood is
jeering

And his knees in the soft of the bed where his love lies

I remind you Barmya the life of the poet is hard—

A hardy life with a boot as quick as a flier

Is it just to demand of us also to bear arms?

hostile Art is O World O Life
a formula example Turn Your Shirtsails Into
Drawers and If It Isn't an Eastman It Isn't A
Kodak therefore my friends let
us now sing each and all fortissimo A
men

al
low
You And there re a
hundred mil lion-others, like
all of you successfully if
delicately gelded (or spaded)
gentlemen (and ladies)—pretty

I telegraph—
hearted Nymph needing There's A Reason
Americans (who tense tendoned and with
upward vacant eyes, painfully
perpetually crouched quivering upon the
sternly allotted sandpile
—how silently
emit a tiny violet-flavoured nuisance Odor?

one
comes out like a ribbon lies flat on the brush

OWHERE I HAVE NEVER TRAV ELLED GLADLY BEYOND

somewhere i have never travelled gladly beyond
any experience your eyes have their silence
in your most frail gesture are things which enclose me,
or which i cannot touch because they are too near

your slightest look easily will unclose me
though i have closed myself as fingers
you open always petal by petal myself as Spring opens
touching lifefully mysteriously her first rose

I vish to close me i and
all that very beautifully suddenly
n of this flower imagines
everywhere descending

met

1

er |

love

You And there're a
hundred mil bon-ob-ers, like
all of you successfully if
delicately gelded (or spaded)
gentlemen (and ladies)—pretty

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somewhere i have never travelled gladly beyond
any experience your eyes have their silence
in your most frail gesture are things which enclose me,
or which i cannot touch because they are too near

(touching without touching), the first rose

if your wish be to close me i and
all that very beautifully suddenly,
it of this flower imagines
everywhere descending

John Wheelwright, 1897-1940

FISH FOOD

An Obituary to Hart Crane

Did you drink deep as Thor, did you think of milk or
wine?

Did you drink blood while you drank the salt deep?
Or see through the film of light, that sharpened your rage
with its stare

Did you drink with the Cat? Did you not see the Cat
when Thor lifted her unbred the cubic ground?
You would drain fathomless flagons to be slaked with
vacuum--

The seas tears have suckled you and you are sunk far
in bubble-dreams under swaying translucent vines
of wandering interior wonder. Eagles can never now
carry parts of your body over cupped mountains
as emblems of their anger. Embers to fire self hate
to other wonders, undying white flaming vistas

Fishes now look upon you with eyes which do not gossip
Fishes are never shocked. Fishes will kiss you each
fish break you every kiss takes bits of you away
all your bones alone will roll with the Gulf Streams
swell

So has it been already so have the cypers and puffers
sipped your carcass of fame each in his liking. Now
in edes of room the bones of your thought suspended
structures

gleam as you intended. Now pulled your eyes with small
magnetic headaches the will seeped from your blood
veins

of meaning, peeped in on the peaks of thought. And you
fell. And the unseen

chain of time changes the pearl hued ocean
like a pearl shaped drop in a huge water clock.
Falling, it came to go from come to went. And you fell
Waters received you. Waters of our Birth in Death dis-
solve you

Louise Bogan, 1897-

"COME, SLEEP . . ."

The bee's fixed hexagon
The ant's downward tower,
The whale's effortless eating
The palm's love, the flower

Burnished like brass, clean like wax
Under the pollen
The rough grass blade upright,
The smooth swathe fallen

Do the shadows of these forms and appetites
Repeat when these lives give over
In sleep the rôle of the selfish devourer
The selfless lover

Surely whisper in the glassy corridor
Never trouble their dream
Never let them the dark turreted house reflect itself
In the depthless vacuum

Stephen Vincent Benét, 1898-1943

THE MOUNTAIN WHIPPOORWILL

Up in the mountains it's lonesome all the time
(Sot 'n' s'evin thu the sweet potato vine)

Up in the mountains it's lonesome for a child
(Whippoorwills a-calling when the sap runs wild),

Up in the mountains, mountains in the fog,
Everything as lazy as an old houn dog

Born in the mountains, never raised a pet,
Dout want nuthin so never got it yet

Born in the mountains lonesome born
Raised runnin' ragged thu the cocklebatts and corn

Never knew my puppy mebbe never should
Think he was a fiddle made of mountain laurel wood.

Never had a mammy to teach me pretty please
Think she was a whippoorwill a skinn' thu the trees

Never had a br' ther ner a whole put of pants
But when I start to fiddle why 'uh kin to start to dance!

Listen to my fiddle—Kingdom Come—Kingdom Come!
Hear the trigs a chunkin' Jug o rum Jug o rum
Hear it a mountain whippoorwill be lonesome in the air,
An' it tells you how I wandered to the Ever County Fair

Two counties I was a sight pretty far
All the way to the South come there

Then a fiddle was bought up the town
I at the Ever County Contest in the Georgia Fiddlers' Show

And Dan Williams with his whiskers in his ears,
Keen as a fiddle's teeth nearly twenty years

I at the South with his blue wall-eye
I at the South with his blue wall-eye



Anonymous

YOUNG WOMAN'S BLUES

Negro Blues, Twentieth Century

Woke up this mo'nin'
When chickens were crowin' for day,
Felt on the right side of my pillow,
My man had gone away

By his pillow he left a note
Reading, I'm sorry, Jane,
"You got my goat,
"No time to marry,
"No time to settle down "

I'm a young woman
An' ain't done runnin' roun',
I'm a young woman
An' ain't done runnin' roun',
Some people call me a hobo,
Some call me a bum,
Nobody knows my name
Nobody knows what I've done.
I'm as good as any woman in your a
I ain't no high yaller,
I'm a deep yaller brown
I ain't goin' marry, ain't goin' settle d
I'm goin' drink good moonshine
An' run these browns down

See that long, lonesome road?
Don' you know it's gotta end?

An' I'm a good woman,
An' I kin get plenty men

Stephen Vincent Benét, 1898-1943

THE MOUNTAIN WHIPPOORWILL

Up in the mountains, it's lonesome all the time.
(Sof wa' slewin' thu the sweet potato vine).

Up in the mountains it's lonesome for a child.
(Whippoorwills a-calling when the sap runs wild).

Up in the mountains, mountains in the fog,
Everything as lazy as an old boun' dog

Down in the mountains, never raised a pet,
'Tont want nuthin an never got it yet.

Grown in the mountains lonesome-born
laid rumrun ragged thu the cockleburrs and corn

Never knew my puppy mebbe never should.
Think he was a hiddle made of mountain laurel-wood.

Never had a mammy to teach me pretty please
Thank she was a whippoorwill a-shinin thu the trees.

Never had a brother ner a v hole pair of parts,
Put when I start to fiddle why ruh me to start to dance!

Even in my riddle—kingdom Come—kingdom Come!
Hear the frogs a-chinkin Jug o rum Jug o rum"
Hear the moan an whippoorwill be lonesome in the air,
An I'd nil nu' h u I traveled to the Essex County Fair

Luck with I was a mighty pretty fute
As the wrens (edlers from the South come there

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Negro Blues, Twentieth Century

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When chickens were crowin' for day,
Felt on the right side of my pillow,
My man had gone away

By his pillow he left a note
Reading, I'm sorry, Jane,
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"No time to marry,
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An' aint done runnin' roun',
I'm a young woman
An' aint done runnin' roun',
Some people call me a hobo,
Some call me a bum,
Nobody knows my name
Nobody knows what I've done.
I'm as good as any woman in your to
I aint no high yaller
I'm a deep yaller brown
I aint goin' marry aint goin' settle down,
I'm goin' drink good moonshine
An' run these browns down

See that long lonesome road?
Don' you know it's gotta end?

An' I'm a good woman
An' I kin get plenty men

He fiddled high an he fiddled low,
(Later, Lile whippoorwill yuh got to spread yore wings)
He fiddled with a cherrywood bow
(Old Dan Wheeling's got bee honey in his strings)

He fiddled the wand by the lonesome moon,
He fiddled a most almighty tune

He started fiddling like a ghost,
He ended fiddling like a host

He fiddled north an he fiddled south
He fiddled the heart right out of yore mouth

He fiddled here an he fiddled there
He fiddled salvation everywhere

When he was finished the crowd cut loose
(Whippoorwill, they's rain on yore breast)
An I sat there wonderin' What's the use?
(Whippoorwill fly home to yore nest)

But I stood up pert an I took my bow
An my fiddle went to my shoulder so

An—they wasn't no crowd to get me fazed—
But I was alone where I was raised

Up in the mountains so still it makes yuh skeered
Were God he's sleepin' in his big white beard

An I heard the sound of the squirrel in the pine
An I heard the earth a breathin' thru the long night time

They've fiddled the rose an they've fiddled the thorn
But they haven't fiddled the m'untain-corn

They've fiddled unful an fiddled moral
But they haven't fiddled the breshwood laurel

They've fiddled loud an they've fiddled still
But they haven't fiddled the whippoorwill

I started off with a *dump-sliddle-dump*
(Oh I'll be the luv'ee in Georgia
Stunk cat bark at was by the bee-gum stump
Whippoorwill yore singin' now')

(Hear yuh brose a mighty fine booze.

All sittin' roun', spittin' high an' struttin' proud,

Everybody waitin' for the first twedle-dee,
When in comes a-stumblin'—hill billy me!

Bowed right pretty to the judges an' the rest,
Took a silver dollar from a hole inside my vest,

Plunked it on the table an' said, 'There's my callin' es
An' anyone that licks me—well, he's got to fiddle har

Old Dan Wheeling, he was laughin' fit to holler,
Little Jimmy Weezer said, "There's one dead dollar!"

Big Tom Sargent had a yaller toothy grin,
But I tucked my little whippoorwill spang underneath
chin,

An' petted it an' tuned it till the judges said "Begin!"

Big Tom Sargent was the first in line,
He could fiddle all the bugs off a sweet potato vine

He could fiddle down a possum from a mile-high tree
He could fiddle up a whale from the bottom of the sea

Yuh could hear hands spankin' till they spanked ea
other raw,

When he finished variations on 'Turkey in the Straw'

Little Jimmy Weezer was the next to play
He could fiddle all night he could fiddle all day.

He could fiddle chill he could fiddle fever
He could make a fiddle rustle like a low wind river

He could make a fiddle croon like a lovin' woman
An' they clapped like thunder when he'd finished stru
min'

Then came the ruck of the bob-tailed fiddlers,
The let's go-eases, the fair to middlers

They got their claps an' they lost their bickler,
An' settled back for some more corn licker'

Hele crowd was tired of their no-count squealing,
An' in the center steps Old Dan Wheeling

E B White, 1899-

I PAINT WHAT I SEE

A Ballad of Artistic Integrity

"What do you paint, when you paint a wall?"

Said John D's grandson Nelson

"Do you paint just anything there at all?"

"Will there be any doves or a tree in fall?"

"Or a hunting scene, like an English hall?"

"I paint what I see" said Rivera

"What are the colors you use when you paint?"

Said John D's grandson Nelson

"Do you use any red in the beard of a saint?"

"If you do is it terribly red or faint?"

"Do you use any blue? Is it Prussian?"

"I paint what I paint" said Rivera.

"Where is that head that I see on my wall?"

Said John D's grandson Nelson

"Is it anyone's head whom we know at all?"

"A Rensselaer or a Salomon Hall?"

"Is it Franklin D? Is it Mordaunt Hall?"

"Or is it the head of a Russian?"

"I paint what I think" said Rivera.

"I paint what I paint I paint what I see

I paint what I think" said Rivera

"And the thing that is dearest in life to me

"In a bourgeois hall is Integrity

It never

"I'll take out a couple of people drunken

"And put in a picture of Abraham Lincoln,

"I will even give you McCormuck's reaper

"And I will not make my art much cheaper

"Put the head of Lenin has got to stay

"Or my friends will give me the bird today

"The bird the bird forever"

"It's not good taste in a man like me,"
Said John D.'s grandson Nelson,
"To question an artist's integrity
"Or mention a practical thing like a fee,
"But I know what I like to a large degree,
"Though art I hate to hamper,
"For twenty-one thousand conservativ■ but
"You painted a radical I say shucks,
"I never could rent the offices—
"The capitalistic offices
"For this, as you know, is a public hall
"And people want doves, or a tree in fall,
"And though your art I dislike to hamper,
"I owe a little to God and Gramper,
"And after all,
"It's my wall . . ."
"We'll see if it is," said Rivera

Hart Crane, 1899-1932

AT MELVILLE'S TOMB

Often beneath the water wide from shore—

And wrecks passed without sound of bells,
The talis of death's bounty giving back
A scattered chapter hind hieroglyph,
The portent wound in corridors of shells.

Then in the circuit calm of some—
In
From
An

Compass, quadrant and sextant converse
No farther tides—High in the azure steep
Monody shall not wake the manner
This fabulous shadow only the sea keeps.

CAPE HATTERAS

From The Bridge

Imponderable the dinosaurs
sinks then
the mammoth saurian
phoul, the eastern
Cape

While rises in the west the coastwise range,
slowly the hushed land—

Combustion at the axial core—the dorsal change
Of energy—convulsive rise of sand

For we who round the capes the promontories

Where strange tongues vary messages of surf
Below grey citadels repeating to the stars

The ancient names—return home to our own
Hearths, there to eat an apple and recall
The songs that gypsies dealt us at Marseille
Or how the priests walked—slowly through Bombay—
Or to read you, Walt,—knowing us in thrall

To that deep wonderment, our native clay
Whose depth of red, eternal flesh of Pocahontas—
Those continental folded aeons surcharged
With sweetness below derricks chimneys tunnels—
Is veined by all that time has really plucked us
And from above thin squeaks of radio static
The captured fume of space foams in our ears—
What whisperings of far watches on the main
Relapsing into silence while time clears
Our lenses lifts a focus resurrects
A periscope to glimpse what joys or pain
Our eyes can share or answer—then deflects
Us shunting to a labyrinth submerged
Where each sees only his dim past reversed

But that star-glistened salver of infinity
The circle blind crucible of endless space,
Is sluiced by motion—subjugated never
Adam and Adam's answer in the forest
Left Ilesperus mirrored in the lucid pool
Now the eagle dominates our world
Of the ambiguous cloud We know the strident rule
Of wings imperious Space instant us
Flickers a moment consumes us in its wake
A flash over the horizon—shifting
And we have laughter or more sudden tears
Dream cancels dream in this new realm
From which we wake into the dream
Seeing himself an atom in a shroud—
Man hears himself an engine in a cloud

—Recorders ages hence—ah syllables of Truth!
Walt tell me Walt Whitman if infinity
Be still the same as when you walked the beach
Near Paumanok—your lone patrol—until the war
Through surf its bird note there a long time filling
For you the panoramas and this breed of towers
Of you—the theme that's statured in the cliff
O Saunterer on free ways still alive
Not this our empire yet but labyrinth

Widen your eyes, like the Great Navigator's without
ship

from the great stones of each prison crypt
carioned traffic Confronting the Exchange,
riving in a world of stocks.—they also range
on the lulls where second timber strays
sk over Connecticut farms, abandoned pastures.—
eyes and tidal, undraining bright with myth!

a nasal ulne of power whips a new universe . .
here sprang pillars spoor the evening sky
under the booming stacks of the gigantic power house
as prick the eyes with sharp ammoniac proverbs
en venues new inklings in the ether hummed
of dynamo where hearings lead is strummed . .
rivers sense—wound bol ban bound refined—
stripped in the slap of belts on booming spools spurred
on the bulging boulders harnessed jells of the stars
inwards what? The forked crush of split thunder parts
but leaning momentarise but fast in whirling armatures
is bright as fangs eyes wiggling in the girth
A pretty gizzards—axe bound confined
in coiled precision bunched in mutual elee
The hearings gl at—O murmurless and shined
In a lapsed circles of blind ecstacy!

So is scribble on our eyes the frosty again
The gleaming canons of unquarshed space
On new silver biplane nudging the winds withers!
There from hell Devils Hill at hazy flank
Two brothers in their windship left the dune
Wiping the gate the Wright windrestless veered
Capward then blading the wind's flank banked and
gun

What cipher is risen in prophetic script
What matubons new set between the stars?
The soul is raphtha fledged into new reaches
Voids know us the closer clasp of Mars.—
New blind's unknowning won give place
To what fierce schedules rule of doom space!

te ~ tr

They at launched in abysmal cupolas of space
wind endless terracils Lasers of speeding light—
a set goes onward racing with verapine grace

My word I poured But was it cognate scored
That tribunal monarch of the air
Those though embrozzed earth strikes crystal Word
A wound pledged once to hope—clef to despair?
The deep encroachments of my blood left me
No answer (could blood hold such a lofty tower
As flings the question true?)—or is it she
Whose sweet mortality suits latent power?—
And through whose pulse I hear counting the strokes
Her veins recall and add revived and sure
The angelus of wars my chest evokes
That I hold healed original now and pure . .
And builds within a tower that is not stone
(Not stone can jacket heaven)—but slip
Of pebbles—visible wings of silence sown
In acute circles widening as they dip
The matrix of the heart I sit down the eye
That shines like quiet lake and swells a tower . .
The commodious, tall decorum of that sky
Unseals her earth and lifts love in its shower

Kenneth Fearing, 1902—

PORTRAIT II

clear brown eyes, kindly and alert, with 12 20 vision,
give confident regard to the passing world through
R. K. Lampert & Company lenses framed in gold,
his soul however, is all his own.
And British necktie and hat (with feather) supply a touch
of youth.

With his soul his own, he drives drives, chaffs and drives,
he first and second bicuspid, lower right, replaced by
bridge work, while two incisors have porcelain
crowns,

tender unto Federal, state and city Caesar, but not unto
time,
tender nothing unto time until Amalgamated Death serves
final notice, in proper form,

the vault is ready
the will has been drawn by Clagget Clagget, Clagget &
Dorran

the policies are adequate Confidential's best reimbursing
for disability partial or complete with double in-
demnities should the end be a pure and simple
accident)

thing unto time,
thing unto change nothing unto fate
nothing unto you and nothing unto me or to any other
known or unknown party or parties living or
deceased

Mercury shoes with special arch supporters, take much
of the wear and it is
the cause a custom-built driver corrects a tendency to
slip

the railways have been repaired (it was a textbook case)
by Dr. Schultz Lightner Mannheim, and Google
the all of it is enclosed in excellent tweed with Mr
Baumer's personal attention to the shoulders and
waist

the all of it now moving, chatting amiably through space in
a Plymouth 6,

the all of it his own at peace, soothed by Walter Lipp-
mann and sustained by Haag & Haag

Thomas Wolfe, 1900-1938

SOMETHING HAS SPOKEN TO ME
IN THE NIGHT

Something has spoken to me in the night
Burning the tapers of the waning year
Something has spoken in the night
And told me I shall die I know not where

Saying

To lose the earth you know for greater knowing
To lose the life you have for greater life
To leave the friends you loved for greater loving
To find a land more kind than home more large
earth—

Whereon the pillars of this earth are founded
Toward which the conscience of the world is tending—
A wind is rising and the rivers flow

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demnity should the end be a pure and simple
accident)

othing unto time

othing unto change nothing unto fate

othing unto you and nothing unto me or to any other
known or unknown party or parties, living or
deceased

but Mercury shoes with special arch supporters, take much
of the wear and tear

On the course a custombuilt driver corrects a tendency to
slce

Loves cases have been repaired (it was a textbook case)
by Mrs Schultz Lightner Mannheim, and Goode

While all of it is enclosed in excellent tweed with Mr
Barmer's personal attention to the shoulders and
waist

At 1 all of it is in moving, chatting amiably through space in
a Plymouth 6
and his man) at peace soothed by Walter Lipp-
stained by Hag & Hag

I watched them like a geometrist
And cut a walking stick from a birch
It has been three years now
There is no sign of the groundhog
I stood there in the whirling summer,
My hand capped a withered heart,
And thought of China and of Greece,
Of Alexander in his tent
Of Montaigne in his tower
Of Saint Theresa in her wild lament

Theodore Roethke, 1908-
THE SHAPE OF THE FIRE

I

What's this? I dish for fat lips
Who says? A nameless stranger
Is he a bird or a tree? Not everyone can
Water recedes to the crying of spiders
An old scow bumps over black rocks
A cracked pod calls
Mother me out of here What more will
bones allow?
Will the sea give the wind suck? A road folk
into a stone
These flowers are all fangs Comfort me fur
Wake me with well do the dance of rot
sticks
Shale loosens Mirl reaches into the field Small birds p
over water
Spirit come near This is only the edge of whiteness
I can't laugh at a procession of dogs
In the hour of ripeness the tree is barren
The she bear mopes under the hill
Mother mother stir from your cave of sorrow
A low mouth licks water Weeds weeds hush to you
The arbor is cooler Firewell firewell fond warm
The warm comes without sound

II

Where's the eye
The eyes in the sky
The eyes not here
Beneath the hair
When I took off my clothes
To find a nose
There was only one shoe
For the waltz of I
The pinch of Where

re for the flat-headed man I recognize that listener,
 with the platitudes and rubbery doughnuts,
 hung at the knees, a varicose horror
 Ho, hello My nerves knew you, dear boy.
 re you come to unhinge my shadow?
 a night I slept in the pits of a tongue.
 e whet fish ran in and out of my special bindings,
 pen tired of the ritual of names and the assistant keeper
 of the molluscs
 p over a viaduct I came, to the snakes and sucks of an-
 other winter,
 two-legged dog hunting a new horizon of howls
 he wind sharpened itself on a rock,
 voice sang

Pleasure on ground
 Has no sound,
 Easily maddens
 The uneasy man

) Who careless, slips
 In cooling ooze
 Is trapped to the lips,
 Leaves more than shoes,

Must pull off clothes
 To jerk like a frog
 On belly and nose
 From the sucking bog

My meat eats me Who waits at the gate?
 Washer of quartz your words writhe into my ear
 Renew the light lewd whisper

III

The wasp waits
 The edge cannot eat the centre
 The grape glistens
 The pub tells little to the serpent.
 An eye comes out of the wave
 The journey from flesh is longest
 A rose with its least
 The redeemer comes a dark way

James Agee, 1909-

PROLOGUE

From Let Us Now Praise Famous Men
To Walker Evans

Against time and the damages of the brain
Sharpen and calibrate Not yet in full
Let in some arbitrated part
Order the façade of the listless summer
Spies, moving delicately among the enemy
The younger sons, the fools
Set somewhat aside the dialects and the stained skins of
feigned madness
guously signal baffle the eluded sentinel
at weeping for pity to the shelf of that sick bluff
ng your blind father and describe a little
old him, part wakened fallen among field flowers
shallow
at undisclosed withdraw
not yet that naked hour when armed
Disguise flung flat squarely we challenge the fiend
the running of beasts and the ruining heaven
he old wild king

THE FISH

I caught a tremendous fish
and held him beside the boat
Up out of water with my hook
in a corner of his mouth
he didn't fight
he hadn't fought at all
He hung a grunting weight,
attered and venerable
and homely. Here and there
his brown skin hung in strips
like ancient wall paper
and its pattern of darker brown
was like wall paper
shapes like full blown roses
stained and lost through age
He was speckled with barnacles
fine rosettes of lime
and infested
with tiny white sea lice
and underneath two or three
rags of green weed hung down
While his gills were breathing in
the terrible oxygen
—the frightening gills
fresh and crisp with blood
that can cut so badly—
I thought of the coarse white flesh
packed in like feathers
the big bones and the little bones
the dramatic reds and blacks
of his shiny entrails
and the pink swim bladder
like a big peony
I looked into his eyes
which were far larger than mine
but shallower and yellowed

Karl Shapiro, 1913-
ELEGY FOR A DEAD SOLDIER

I

A white sheet on the tail-gate of a truck
Becomes an altar, two small candlesticks
Sputter at each side of the crucifix
Laid round with flowers brighter than the blood,
Red as the red of our apocalypse,
Hibiscus that a marching man will pluck
To stick into his rifle or his hat,
And great blue morning glories pale as lips
That shall no longer taste or kiss or swear
The wind begins a low magnificat.
The chaplain chats the palm-trees swirl their hair,
The columns come together through the mud.

II

We too are ashes as we watch and hear
The psalm, the sorrow and the simple praise
Of one whose promised thoughts of other days
Were such as ours but now wholly destroyed
The service record of his youth wiped out,
His dream dispersed by shot must disappear
What can we feel but wonder at a loss
That seems to point at nothing but the doubt
Which flirts our sense of luck into the ditch?
Reader of Paul who prays beside this fosse,
Shall we believe our eyes or legends rich
With glory and rebirth beyond the void?

III

For this comrade is dead dead in the war,
A young man out of millions set to live
One cut away from all that war can give
Freed of self and peace to wander free
Who mourns in all this sober multitude
Who did not feel the bite of it before
The bullet found its aim—This worthy flesh,
This boy laid in a coffin and reviewed—
Who has not wrapped himself in this same flag
He and the light fall of dirt his wound still fresh,
With his eyes closed and heard the distant brag
Of the last volleys of humanity?

the inses backed and packed
with tarnished tinfoil
seen through the lenses
of old scraiched isinglass.

They shifted a little, but not
to return my stare.

—It was more like the tipping
of an object toward the light.

I admired his sullen face,
the mechanism of his jaw,
and then I saw

that from his lower lip

—if you could call it a lip—

grim, wet, and weapon like,
hung five old pieces of fish line,
or four and a wire leader

with the swivel still attached,

with all their five big hooks

grown firmly in his mouth

A green line, frayed at the end
where he broke it, two heavier lines,
and a fine black thread

still crimped from the strain and snap
when it broke and he got away

Like medals with their ribbons

frayed and wavering,

a five-haired beard of wisdom

trailing from his aching jaw.

I stared and stared

and victory filled up

the little rented boat,

from the pool of bilge

where oil had spread a rainbow

around the rusted engine

to the bailer rusted orange,

the sun-cricketed thwarts

the oarlocks on their staves,

the gunnels—until everything

was rainbow, rainbow, rainbow!

And I let the fish go

VII

No history deceived him, for he knew
 Little of times and armies not his own
 He never felt that peace was but a loan
 Had never questioned the idea of gain
 Beyond the headlines once or twice he sat
 The gathering of a power by the few
 But could not tell their names, he cast his vote,
 Distrusting all the elected but not the law
 He laughed at socialism on moultant
 For it industrials? He shed his coat
 And not for brotherhood but for his pay
 To him the red flag marked the sewer main

VIII

None all else he loathed the homily
 The slogan and the ad He paid his bill
 Put not for Congressmen at Bunker Hill
 Ideals were few and those there were not made
 For conversation He belonged to church
 But never spoke of God The Christmas tree
 The Easter egg baptism, he observed
 Never denied the preacher on his perch
 And would not sign Resolved That or Whereas
 Fitness he had and hours and nights reserved
 For thinking dressing dancing to the jazz
 His laugh was real his manners were home made

IX

Of all men powers pursued him least
 He was ashamed of all the down and out
 Spurned the panhandler like an uneasy doubt
 And saw the unemployed as a vague mass
 Incapable of hunger or revolt
 He hated other races south or east
 And showed them to the margin of his mind
 He could recall the justice of the Colt
 Take no rest in a gang war like a game
 His civil war was somewhere far behind
 And left him only a peculiar name
 Downy pen and he recognized no class

IV

By chance I saw him die, stretched on the ground,
A tattooed arm lifted to take the blood
Of someone else sealed in a tin. I stood
During the last delirium that stays
The intelligence a tiny moment more,
And then the strain ind.
The end :
A stupid :
The

V

We ask for no statistics of the killed,
For nothing political impinges on
This single casualty, or all those gone
.. ..
I .., but this one like the rest
However others calculate the cost,
To us the final aggregate is one,
One with a name, one transferred to the blest,
And though another stoops and takes the gun,
We cannot add the second to the first

VI

I would not speak for him who could not speak
Unless my fear were true he was not wronged,
He knew to which decision he belonged
But let it choose itself Ape in instinct,
Neither the victim nor the volunteer,
He followed and the leaders could not seek
Beyond the followers Much of this he knew,
The journey was a detour that would steer
Into the Lincoln Highway of a land
Remorselessly improved, excited, new,
And that was what he wanted, He had planned
To earn and drive. He and the world had winked.

VII

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 Little of times and armies not his own.
 He never felt that peace was but a loan,
 Had never questioned the idea of gain
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 The gathering of a power by the few
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 But never spoke of God The Christmas tree,
 The Easter egg baptism he observed
 Never denied the preacher on his perch
 And would not sign Resolved That or Whereas
 Sickness he had and hours and nights reserved
 For thinking dressing dancing to the jazz
 His laugh was real his manners were home made.

IX

Of all men poverty pursued him least
 He was ashamed of all the down and out
 Spurned the pinhandler like an uneasy doubt
 And saw the unemployed as a vague mass
 Incapable of hunger or revolt
 He hated other races south or east
 And shoved them to the margin of his mind
 He could recall the justice of the Colt,
 Take interest in a gang war like a game
 His morality was somewhere far behind
 And let him only his peculiar name
 Derisive and he recognized no class

X

His children would have known a heritage,
 Just or unjust, the richest in the world,
 The quantum of all art and science curled
 In the horn of plenty, bursting from the horn,
 A people bathed in honey, Paris come,
 Vienna transferred with the highest wage,
 A World's Fair spread to Phoenix, Jacksonville,
 Earth's capitol, the new Byzantium,
 Kingdom of man—who knows? Hollow or firm
 No man can ever prophesy until
 Out of death some undiscovered germ,
 Whole toleration or pure peace is born

XI

The time to mourn is short that best becomes
 The military dead We lift and fold the flag,
 Lay bare the coffin with its written tag,
 And march away Behind, four others wait
 To lift the box, the heaviest of loads
 The anesthetic afternoon benumbs,
 Sickens our senses forces back our talk
 We know that others on tomorrow's roads
 Will fall ourselves perhaps the man beside,
 Over the world the threatened, all who walk
 And could we mark the grave of him who died
 We would write this beneath his name and date

Epitaph

Underneath this wooden cross there lies
 A Christian killed in battle You who read
 Remember that this stranger died in pain
 And passing here if you can lift your eyes
 Upon a peace kept by a human creed
 Know that one soldier has not died in vain

New Guinea 1944

Peter Viereck, 1916--

KILROY WAS HERE

I

Also Ulysses once—that other war
(Is it because we find his scrawl
Today on every privy door
That we forget his ancient role?)
Also was there—he did it for the wage—
When a Cathay-drunk Genoese set sail
Whenever “longen folk to goon on pilgrimages”
Kilroy is there;
 he tells *The Miller's Tale*

II

At times he seems a paranoiac king
Who stamps his crest on walls and says, “My own”
But in the end he fades like a lost tune
Tossed here and there whom all the breezes sing
“Kilroy was here” these words sound warily gay
 Haughty yet used with long marching
He is Orestes—guilty of what crime?—
 For whom the Furies still are searching
 When they arrive they find their prey
(Leaving his name to mock them) went away
Sometimes he does not flee from them in time
“Kilroy was—
 (With his head a dying man
 Wrote half the phrase out in Bataan)

III

Kilroy beware HOME is the final trap
That lures for you in many a wily shape
In pipe and chipper plus a Loyal Hound
 Or lurking around just looking around
Kind to the old their warm Penelope)
But there to beys

 thus “home becomes that sea
II subtly disguised where you were always drowned—
 How could suburban Crete condone

The yarns you would have V mailed from the su
And folksy fishes sip Icanan tea
One stab of hopeless wings imprinted your
Exultant Kilroy signature
Upon shyer sky for the world to stare
'I was there! I was there! I was there!'

IV

God is like Kilroy He too sees it all
That's how he knows of every sparrow's fall
That's why we prayed each time the tightropes croc.
On which our loveliest clowns contrived their act
The G I Faustus who was everywhere
Strolled home again What was it like outside?
Asked Can't, with his good neighbors Ought and But
And pale Perhaps and grave-eyed Better Not,
For Kilroy means the world is very wide
He was there, he was there, he was then
And in the suburbs Can't sat down and cried

.. Robert Lowell, 1917--

THE QUAKER GRAVEYARD IN NANTUCKET

(For Warren Winslow, Dead at Sea)

*Let man have dominion over the fishes
of the sea and the fowls of the air and the
beasts and the whole earth and every creep-
ing creature that moveth upon the earth*

I

A brackish reach of shoal off Nantucket,—
The sea was still breaking violently and night
Had steamed into our North Atlantic Fleet
When the drowned sailor clutched the drag net Light
Flashed from his matted head and marble feet
He grappled at the net
With the coiled hurdling muscles of his thighs
The corpse was bloodless, a bunch of reds and whites,
Its open staring eyes
Were lustreless dead light
Of cabin-windows on a stranded hulk
Heavy with sand We weight the body, close
Its eyes and heave it seaward whence it came,
Where the heel headed dogfish barks its nose
On Ahah's void and forehead and the name
Is blocked in yellow chalk
Sailors who patch this portent at the sea
Where dreadnaughts shall confess
Its hell bent den
When you are powerless
To sand bag this Atlantic bulwark faced
By the earth-shaker green unweaned chaste
In his steel scales ask for no Orphean lute
To pluck life back The guns of the steeled Fleet
Recoil and then repeat
The hoarse salute

IV

the end of them, three-quarters fools,
ing at straws to sail

the end of them, three-quarters fools,
ing at straws to sail

the end of them, three-quarters fools,
ing at straws to sail

each increasing, its enormous snout
ng the ocean's side

d graves?

V

the whale's viscera go and the roll

the great ash pit of Jehoshaphat
bones cry for the blood of the white whale,
fat flukes arch and whack about its ears
death lance churns into the sanctuary, tears
gun blue swinge heaving like a flail
he is the end of life and work and dream

the great ash pit of Jehoshaphat

Whenever winds are moving and their breath
 Heaves at the roped in bulwarks of this pier,
 The terns and sea gulls tremble at your death
 In these home waters Sutor can you hear
 The Pequod's sea wings beating landward, fall
 Heaving and break on our Atlantic wall
 Off Sunset where the sailing boats splash
 The bullbuoy with ballwinning spinnakers
 As the entangled screaming mansheet clears
 The blacks off Madaket where lubbers lash
 The heavy surf and throw their long lead squids
 For blue-fish Sea gulls blink their heavy lids
 Seaward The winds waken be it upon the stones
 Cousin and team for you and the claws rush
 At the sea turn it and wring it in the slush
 Of this old Quaker graveyard where the bones
 Cry out in the long night for the hurt be it
 Bobbing by Anish's whaleboats in the East

III

All you remember from P and in died
 With you my cousin and the harrowed brine
 Is fruitless on the blue head of the god
 Stretching beyond us to the castles in Spain
 Nantucket's western haven To Cape Cod
 Guns cridled in the tide
 Blast the eagles about a water lark
 Of bilge and backwash and the salt and sand
 Lishing earths will I rack
 Our warships in the haul
 Of the great God where the constitution blues
 Whenever it was the Quaker sailor lost
 In the mud's simple for or lives Healed
 When time was spent
 Wooden and child his bones shed
 There in the nowhere where their boats were
 Sky high where mariners had fished it was
 Of Is the swarming with What it is
 Them in their secret in the monsters of
 I see the Quakers down and he or there is
 "If God himself had not been in our
 If God himself had not been in our
 When the Atlantic rose against us why
 Then it had swallowed us up qu

IV

This is the end of the whaleroad and the whale
 Who spewed Nantucket bones on the thrashed swell
 And sared the troubled waters to whirlpools
 And send the Pequod packing off to hell
 This is the end of them three-quarters fools,
 Natching at straws to sail
 Seaward and seaward on the turntail whale,
 Pouring out blood and water as it rolls,
 Sick as a dog to these Atlantic Shoals
 Marmorus, O depths. Let the sea-gulls wail
 For water, for the deep where the high tide
 Clutters to its hurt self mutters and ebbs
 Waves wallow in their wash go out and out,
 Leave only the death rattle of the crabs,
 The beach increasing its enormous snout
 Sucking the ocean's side
 This is the end of running on the waves
 We are poured out like water Who will dance
 The mast lashed master of Leviathan?
 Up from that field of Quakers in their unstoned graves?

V

When the whale's viscera go and the roll
 Of its corruption overruns this world
 Beyond tree-swept Nantucket and Wood's Hole
 And Martha's Vineyard Sailor will your sword
 Whistle and fall and sink into the fat?
 In the great ash pit of Jehoshaphat
 The bones cry for the blood of the white whale,
 The fat flukes arch and whack about its ears,
 The death lance churns into the sanctuary, tears
 The sun blue swirls heaving like a flail
 And hicks the crying life out it works and drags
 And rips the sperm whale's mudriff into tags
 Lobbers of blubber spill to wind and weather,
 Sailor and gulls go round the swollen timbers
 Where the morning stars sing out together
 And thunder shakes the white surf and dismembers
 The red flag hammered in the mast head Hide,
 Our steel Jonas Vewas, in Thy side.

Thus is the end of them, three-quarters fools,
Snatching at straws to sail

For water for the deep where the high tide
Flutters to its hurt self, mutters and ebbs
Waves wallow in their wash go out and out,
Leave only the death rattle of the crabs,

Why turn this herd of Quakers in their unstoned graves?

V

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Of its corruption overruns this world
Beyond tree-swept Nantucket and Woods Hole
And Martha's Vineyard, Sailor, will your sword
Whistle and fall and unk into the fat
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 Clamorous O depths Let the sea gulls wail
 For water for the deep where the high tide
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 The beach increasing its enormous snout
 Licking the ocean's side
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